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BORDERING THE MYSTERIES OF LIFE AND MIND.

DR. LOEB'S RESEARCHES AND DISCOVERIES.

By Carl Snyder.

[A complete and authoritative account of the investigations of Dr. Jacques Loeb, and his colleague, Dr. A. P. Matthews, into the most intimate secrets of life, mind, and death. Their researches so far have touched only the lower forms of life, but the results,—artificial reproduction, growth, and the establishment of the identity of life and electricity,—seem to revolutionize fundamental conceptions of being, sensation, and thought.—The Editor.]

THE morning journals on the first day of the new year brought tidings from the meeting of American physiologists at Chicago that sent many a mind traveling back to the strange news which came out of Germany just seven years before. Then, from the secluded University of Würzburg, came word of Professor Roentgen's discovery of his magic rays, that can lay bare the interior of our bodies, pierce solid metals, books of philosophy even. Seldom had there been so dramatic a step into the invisible and unknown. The man of science marveled not less than the man in the street.

The papers that were read at Chicago were equally of a sort to stir the imagination of laymen and the elect alike. One, by Dr. Jacques Loeb, bore directly on the arrest of death, the prolongation of life. A second, from the same authoritative source, dealt with the intimate nature of the life processes, and seemed to show that vitality and electricity are one and the same. A third, by Dr. A. P. Matthews, a younger colleague of Dr. Loeb in the University of Chicago, appeared to lay bare the secret of the nerves, the action of anesthetics, to reach close to the nature of the mind. This was a considerable harvest for a day.

All of these papers grew out of a work and an ambition that has occupied the entire career of this Chicago University professor, who, a year ago, was brought so strikingly to the public notice. Then Dr. Loeb showed that it was possible to produce living beings, so to speak, artificially. Chemical agents might effect the fertilization of the eggs of some lower orders, notably the little sea-urchins which swarm on the shores of salt waters. These discoveries, like those of the present year, seemed to topple the whole structure of our ideas of life. And that was their purpose. They were the outcome of a belief born in mind of this iconoclast at the beginning of his career.

As Dr. Matthews's ingenious theory of the nerves comes as a sort of a capstone to a long series of researches by Professor Loeb and a multitude of others, an account of Dr. Matthews's work will naturally follow the first. We may go back and trace out how the dreams of a young investigator of Strassburg and Würzburg have reached so brilliant a climax. We may begin with him his search for the mysteries of life and death.

I.

A FAUST WHOSE DREAMS CAME TRUE.

Sitting in his rooms at the Hull Physiological Laboratory of the University of Chicago, Dr. Loeb sketched in an engaging

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way the genesis of his novel methods and ideas. He speaks rapidly, is just over forty, and gives you somewhat the impression of a very busy and business-like surgeon. And a physician, indeed, he is, as well as a physiologist. But what takes your fancy more than all is that, doing certainly the most original, fertile, and even startling work of any living physiologist, and daring to the last degree, he is yet, withal, so careful to fend credit not his due, so cautious in his statements, so candid as to precisely what he has achieved. His clear-cut features and rather piercing eyes seem the exterior of a clear-cut, piercing mind.

"I very early," he said, "came to the belief that the forces which rule in the realm of living things are not other than those which we know in the inanimate world. Everything pointed that way. Galvani, watching a frog's muscles contract, discovered what we call galvanic or voltaic electricity. The connection of the two must be very close, yet a century has elapsed with hardly a step of real progress.

"I wanted to go to the bottom of things. I wanted to take life in my hands and *play* with it"(a pair of hands, extended as if to clutch this elusive phantom, suit the action to the words). "I wanted to handle it in my laboratory as I would any other chemical reaction—to start it, stop it, vary it, study it under every condition, to direct it at my will!"

Before many another eager mind such dreams as this have floated. The idea must be older than the legends of Faust or Prometheus. And the legends of Faust and Prometheus are very old. Still, readers of Darwin's note-book will not forget that the most far-reaching generalization in biology was the flash-inspiration of youth. It was at twenty-seven that, reading Malthus "On Population," Darwin conceived his struggle for existence and the survival of the most fit. Though he spent twenty laborious years collecting the facts to prove his theory, the theory never changed. A similar unity of purpose threads the work of Dr. Loeb.

THE MYTH OF THE INSTINCTS.

Almost the very beginning was an unlocking of new doors. A moth flies straight for a flame. Sometimes of a morning about the lighthouses the birds lie scattered and dead, seemingly drawn by the glare to strike against the heavy panes. A flower standing in a room turns its petals toward the light. To the birds we ascribe intelligence, to the flower no more than the attraction of light. Yet it seems as if the selfsame forces rule over both.

This is what Dr. Loeb set himself to prove. And with it, to explain the origin of all the so-called instincts. When the new-born caterpillar climbs to the end of a branch where it may find the fresh bud on which it feeds, it seems as if some dim intelligence were at work. When it is satiated, it climbs down again. A fly will lay its eggs in meat, whereon its larvæ may feed, but not on fat. These and a thousand other marvels of a seeming shaping toward an end have filled physiology with a metaphysical fog.

In a series of researches that sent these fogs flying, Dr. Loeb showed how all these wonderful adaptations to an end could be explained in a very simple way. Young caterpillars, for example, will follow the light so long as they are hungry. If they find no food they will keep climbing, conceivably until they die. When they are cold, they will not move. When the warm sun comes in the spring, they begin to crawl upwards. They will do this anywhere, and on any substance. When they come in contact with food, they begin to eat. When they are fed, the effect of the light seems just reversed; they will crawl away from it. All that is needful to assume is that the light sets up certain chemical reactions which cause the animal to move, just as it sets up a reaction in a photographic plate, or explodes a mixture of hydrogen and chlorine gas. In Dr. Loeb's language, it is merely a working of positive or negative heliotropism, an attraction or repulsion by the light.

So with the fly. Certain chemical stimuli from meat cause a fly to lay its eggs. In the fat these stimuli are lacking. They can be produced artificially. In the shorthand jargon of science, it is simply a chemical reaction between certain substances in the skin or sense organs of the fly, and the meat—a case of chemo-tactism.

So some of the flower-like animals, the actinians, so much like vegetables they can hardly be distinguished, will wind their slender tentacles round a bit of crab meat, but reject a wad of paper, which, to us, tastes just the same. It seems like intelligence to watch it, and the older physiologists found no absurdity in saying that these vegetable forms "like" meat and "dislike" paper. Dr. Loeb's work banished these childish ideas. The actinian, like the fly, merely responds mechanically to a chemical stimulus.

And so he went through all the list. Heat may act as a repellent force; and so, for example, if a moth arrive in the neighborhood of a flame, so that the pushing effect of the heat just balances the pulling effect of the light, the moth will go round and round as planets spin about the sun, or, in other cases, describe a curious zigzag motion, something like a comet. There is nought here but the play of physical forces.

More curious still is the effect of mere contact. If you turn over a starfish, it quickly rights itself. This seems a highly sensible thing to do. Still, as Dr. Loeb found, if you suspend the starfish in water, attaching its arms to bits of cork, it keeps turning over and over, with no seeming preference for which side is up. If a piece of wood or stone be offered, to which it may cling, no matter what be the position, it seems satisfied. Unless its feet have something solid to cling to, the nerves are apparently stimulated; hence the turning motions. Contact brings the animal to rest. This is what Dr. Loeb calls stereotropism. Long words like these seem merely like substituting one mystery for another, but they describe actions as simple as the words are hard.

A young man with radical ideas is not usually much afraid of consequences. Dr. Loeb is even politely insistent. The logical issue of his experiments he has developed in a book on brain-physiology in a way to make wiseacredom rub purblind eyes and stare. For him animals, like plants, are more or less complicated arrangements of proteid substances, responding, in a very simple way, to the influence of the simple physical forces that we know about us.

VIEW OF PROFESSOR JACQUES LOEB'S LABORATORY IN CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

This was the first step in that dream of "playing with life."

HETEROMORPHOSIS.

But more curious things still were to follow. The unoffending reader who wends his way through the serried pages wherein Dr. Loeb's work is set down, will recoil before the oriental prodigality of large names. Yet the experiments are simple, their meaning unmistakable. If by his revelations of the *rôle* of the "trophisms" and "tactisms" Dr. Loeb drove boldly into the domain of mental phenomena, his next invasion struck at the dearest tenets of him who deals with the science of forms—the morphologist. The

whole theory of the latter was bound up with the idea that the shape and looks and structure of an animal result from complex arrangements in the germ from whence it springs. That these could be altered at pleasure, even in the lower forms, by the same simple reactions of light and heat, chemicals or gravity, was undreamt of.

Taking one of the lower animal forms, plant-like affairs called the hydroids, Dr. Loeb cut from its body a cube. Quite without regard to which side was uppermost, from the top grew the tentacles or branches which form the head, from underneath the roots. If, when growth was partly complete, the piece was inverted, or even if a naturally grown hydroid were turned upside down, from beside the upturned roots came a head, from beside the deposed head a growth of roots.

If, in the body of a little affair named, from its gracefully branching head, the cerianthus, an incision were anywhere made, promptly came a new mouth, with its ring of tentacles. Sometimes, if the cut was small, only the tentacles grew. But these would grip food (rejecting wads of paper and things) and draw it in, just as if a mouth were there. If the two mouths, the new and the old, were close enough together for both to touch the same piece of food, a fight ensued. If the same sort of a contest be provoked between the tentacles of the natural mouth and those from an incision where no new mouth had been formed, sometimes the blind "mouth" gets the food, and the animal can thus be led to involuntary suicide.

If a normal animal be cut in twain, in the middle, and a new mouth grown at the lower end of the head half, and the animal then laid on its side, both ends take in food. If fed in succession, one mouth would reject the food it had just swallowed when the other mouth "took tea."

Scores of other experiments, curious and fanciful, disconcerting too, followed. Mere contact with a solid substance could turn one organ into another. Organs were grown in the most absurd places, others were transplanted. This work was of course taken up by hundreds of other investigators all over the world, and, as a purely fantastic instance, Ribbert has recently shown that a mammary gland transplanted to the ear of a guinea-pig would begin to secrete normally when a litter was born.

In brief, Dr. Loeb brought forward conclusive evidence that there is no complex structure in the germ-cells from which these lower animals spring, but that their varying forms are simply a reaction between a specific kind of protoplasm and the physical forces of light, heat, contact, and chemism, which mold it this way or that. It is a fascinating field, and most workers would have counted it sufficient for a lifework. But the demonstration was complete, the new science of experimental morphology was born, and this tireless and restless investigator passed on.

The secrets of life lay deeper.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY.

A new time was stirring in the stagnant provinces of chemistry. Under the lead of van't Hoff, Arrhenius, Ostwald, a mechanism of the atoms, or, as it has come to be called in Germany, a physical chemistry, was developing. Many of Dr. Loeb's experiments had been upon the effect of various chemical stimuli. The new theories, which had divided chemists into camps of friend and foe, seemed to offer new weapons to biology. The revolutionary spirit which had effected a rebirth in two sciences seized them eagerly. Dr. Loeb is described by his friends as the discoverer of Ostwald to physiology.

One day he took up the problem of the rhythmical contractions of the jellyfish, a subject dear to Romanes, the *protégé* of Darwin. If the upper part of the animal be cut away, the contractions stop. Dr. Loeb tried placing the beheaded animal in a solution of common salt; the movements began again. A trace of potassium or calcium added, they stopped again.

But if this be true of a lowly jellyfish, perhaps it is equally true of the rhythmical beat of the heart. And this Dr. Loeb found to be the case. An excised heart could be kept beating for hours, stopped, started, quickened, or slowed, simply by changing slightly the chemical character of the solution in which it was placed. These were exciting days.

In the same way an ordinary muscle, that, for example, of a frog's leg, could be made to beat in rhythm. Surely this was coming very near to "playing with life." The whole literature of these astonishing researches reads like Faust-dreams come true. If a Newton could tremble before the proof that a mathematical formula, cherished through twenty years, expressed a truth, there can be slight wonder that a work so marvelously successful should cause this daring physiologist to press on in feverish haste. His restraint, his caution become admirable.

ELECTRICITY AND LIFE.

It was clear now that the beat of the heart is not due to some mysterious influence of the still more mysterious nerves, as had so long been supposed. It comes from the presence or absence of a minute quantity of certain salts. The new chemistry stepped in to show precisely how these may act.

A lump of common salt dissolved in a vessel of water makes the water a conductor of electricity. Two ends of a copper wire dipped therein start an electric current. A lump of sugar has no such effect.

This was for half a century one of the deepest problems of chemical philosophy. It remained so until the distinguished Swedish physicist Arrhenius brought forward evidence to show that the molecules of the salts and acids are torn apart when they are dissolved, and apparently with tremendous force. We are but on the threshold of a knowledge of the actions which take place in the molecular world; in some instances, as in the case here under view, it seems as if these forces are so great that we have scarce any means of coping with them.

The effect in dissolving the salts is an enormous electrical charge on the individual atoms. In the tearing apart, one set is charged positively, the other negatively. In the case of ordinary salt, sodium chloride, the metal atoms (of sodium) take the positive charge, the chlorine atoms the negative. These electrically charged atoms, long before their nature was understood, Faraday named *ions*.

This simple conception has revolutionized modern chemistry. In the famous phrase of Arrhenius, "It is the ions which act." And it is the ions which may cause the heart or a muscle to contract. The negative charges set them going. The positive charges stop them. Such, in an extremely popular presentation, is the essence of the discovery which Dr. Loeb—justly, it would seem—regards the most important of his life. The ultimate cause of muscular action, and, it now seems probable, of all life-processes, is electricity.

The applications of this splendid conception are wide.

MANUFACTURING LIVING BEINGS.

If the apparently simple question of solutions was the hardest problem of the chemists, that of the beginnings of life, the process of fertilization, was the burning question of biology. From the countless myriads of eggs laid by the female organism, and the equal hordes of the sperm cells, a single egg and a single sperm unite to form the single microscopic cell from which all forms of animal life originate. Unfertilized by the male cells, the eggs quickly degenerate and die.

All the problems of life, growth, heredity too, lie buried, then, within this bit of living matter, so small it is invisible to the eye. The sperm and the egg must be the carriers of all that one being transmits to its descendants. Exterior forces here seem to play but a minor *rôle*. After the union of the two cells, the influence of either parent seems as slight as that of a hen brooding over its nest of eggs. An incubator may replace it, a fact whose wide significance seems a little to have escaped the airy-headed folk who prattle of prenatal influence.

But before the astonishing results obtained by the daring innovator whose work is here considered, no one dreamed that an egg could grow and develop without the remotest aid of the sperms. Else, how explain the supposed "facts" of heredity? How can traits and characters of the male parent be transmitted to his offspring?

The reply, from Dr. Loeb's experiments, is that they do not seem to be transmitted. He has succeeded in producing growth without the sperm. His amazing discovery directly resulted from the application of his chemical theories to these processes.

One of the lowly organisms which lend themselves so well to study and experiment are the little sea-urchins, so valued by biological workers. Taking the sea-urchins' eggs from the ovary, before there could be the slightest possibility of contact with the sperm cells, Dr. Loeb placed them in the ordinary sea water in which the animals live.

STARTING GROWTH BY CHEMISTRY.

"While continuing my studies on the effects of salts upon life phenomena," said Dr. Loeb, "I was led to the fact that the peculiar actions of the protoplasm are influenced to a great extent by the ions contained in the solutions which surround the cells. By changing the relative proportions of the ions, we change the physiological properties of the protoplasm, and are thus able to impart to a tissue properties which it does not ordinarily possess.

"Pursuing this idea, I took unfertilized eggs, and after many trials succeeded in

finding a solution of chloride of magnesium, which caused the eggs to develop to the same stage as they do normally in an aquarium. Subsequently other salts and the eggs of other animals would produce the same result. These results, at first contested and even scouted, have been obtained by other workers in many lands. There is no longer a shadow of doubt that artificial parthenogenesis, as the process is technically termed, is an established fact."

In a strict sense, the unfertilized egg cannot be termed living matter. The first characteristic of living matter is that it can grow. In other words, here is an organic product, like sugar, or starch, or the fats, which, treated chemically, can be developed into a living being. It was near to a realization of the dreams of Berthelot and Claude Bernard, aye, and of every chemist who ever bordered the mysteries of life, the manufacture of life in the laboratory. In some ways, it was the most vital discovery in the history of physiology. It belongs, uncontested and unshared by any other, to this brilliant young physician of Chicago.

THE ACTION OF POISONS.

A close study of all these novel and unheard-of reactions—the heart which may be started or stopped with a pinch of this salt or that, the muscles which may be made to beat like a heart, the egg which may be vivified by chemical means—soon revealed the common chain that links them all. One of the riddles which faced the older chemists, those of half a century ago, was the curious fact that, when they come to combine with other atoms, some of the atoms seem, so to speak, to have but a single arm with which to take hold, while others have two, some three, some four, and even five. So, for example, when wood or coal "burns," the four-armed atom of carbon can seize and hold two of the two-handed oxygen atoms, while in the molecule of water, each of the two-handed oxygen atoms will bind two of the single-handed hydrogen atoms, and so on.

Chemists, with the old alchemists' love of high-sounding names, called this "valency," or "atomicity."

Very early Faraday saw that each "valence," each arm, was able to carry a certain quantity of electricity. That was its capacity. These electrically charged atoms, then, are not all alike. The two-armed atoms carry two charges, the three-armed three charges. If, as now seems dimly to be true, what we used to call the loves and hates of the chemical "affinities" was but a name for the action of these electrical charges, then chemistry, like light, will have been annexed to the wide domain of electricity.

Professor Loeb's latest work has done much to fix this impression. He has found, for example, that a pure solution of common salt will not keep the heart or the muscle of the jelly-fish going. A little calcium added sets things right, though too much will act like a poison. Some of the ions then are toxic, some are antitoxins. Will this turn out to be true of all poisons—that their action results from the positive or negative charge of electricity they bear? This is but a surmise as yet, but it seems a promising lead.

Meanwhile, it is clear that the "valence," the *number* of electrical charges, plays an important part. This much Dr. Loeb can at present say:

"The poisonous working of a single-charged negative ion may be offset by a minimal addition of a double-charged positive ion, and, perhaps, of a still smaller quantity of a triple charge. So, too, a triple charge may destroy the harmful action of a double charge. That seems reasonably certain."

WHAT IS THE USE OF FOOD?

Here, then, are the most intimate and significant of the life processes—growth, reproduction, muscular action, the influence of poisons—brought back to the play of the electrical ions, negative and positive—one, two, or three valent. Almost involuntarily, then, one turns round to ask what is the effect of the food we consume each day. Dr. Loeb's conception supplied the second of the two papers he read last month at Chicago.

"Evidently," he said, "the chief *rôle* of food is not to be digested and 'burned' in the muscles and organs, as present-day physiology assumes, but to supply *ions*. The heat developed is a by-product. The chief action is the production of electricity. The body is in some sort a dynamo. Food, then, is of value according to the amount and kind of electricity it affords."

This conception, Dr. Loeb added, has long been with him a belief, or a suspicion. Now he considers that the definite proof is at hand. Here is a large chapter of physiology that, it would seem, must now be rewritten.

A third science, then, must re-form its line of march from the reports sent back by this single daring scout, working always beyond the farthest outposts of the accepted and the known.

"But if such a 'mortiferous' action really exists, perhaps it could be checked chemically as well. That is what I tried to see. I chose potassium cyanide, and found that if the unfertilized eggs were placed in a weak

PROFESSOR ALBERT P. MATTHEWS TAKING OUT A NERVE AND MUSCLE OF A FROG FOR THE DEMONSTRATION OF DR. LOEB'S DISCOVERY.

THE PROMISE OF LONG LIFE.

It would be strange if before the eyes of such an investigator had not fluttered that will-o'-the-wisp which has enchanted so many speculative minds, the problem of prolonging life. But Dr. Loeb's idea is, as one might easily suppose, original and new.

"My work in parthenogenesis," he said, "made it clear that while ordinarily the unfertilized eggs quickly die, simply by normal or chemical fertilization they live. It seems as if there were two distinct processes going on. Death and disintegration are not a mere breaking down, a going to pieces, but a specific process, that is checked by the life process.

solution, they could be kept alive for seven days. If, then, the cyanide be allowed to evaporate, the eggs may be developed and grow in the normal way. If seven days, then it is a mere matter of experiment to produce a condition of equilibrium which will endure indefinitely.

"It seems paradoxical that life may be thus maintained by a powerful poison; but if, as I say, we conceive of a specific mortal process which may be held in check, and regard the potassium cyanide as substituting a condition of suspended action, the matter seems clear."

This reads like a very simple experiment; most great experiments are. It would be idle to suppose from this that Dr. Loeb be-

lieves he has discovered the secret of eternal life, but one would be more preoccupied still who disregarded the significance of this new line of investigation. It is not too much to say that it appears the first real step in a scientific search for long life.

WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO.

Such is his work at forty-two. Perhaps these crowded pages have given but a confused idea of its fertility and range. But by chance this much may be evident, of how singularly those youthful dreams have been realized: "I wanted to go to the bottom; I wanted to take life in my hands and *play* with it; I wanted to direct it at my will."

Yet Dr. Loeb would be the last to claim credit for it all. To the solution of every problem many workers in many lands must contribute. Speaking of those a little too eager to step forward and claim a prize scarce claimable by any one, he remarked: "The work of a single life can add but a drop to the ocean of knowledge." This is the scientific spirit.

German-born, Dr. Loeb came first to Bryn Mawr; then eight years ago joined the forces of the new University of Chicago. To a suggestion that it is regrettable that American science may not claim the credit for all of him, he replied, very simply,

"I am an American citizen."

But is it not indicative of unsatisfactory conditions here that, in the face of so richly fruitful a career, there were even up to a year ago for him many periods of profound discouragement.

"Had I been an American," he said, "I should never have taken up scientific work. Here the rewards are too slight, the pay is too small, the contempt for science too great. It is to politicians, in politics and out, that America bows. It does not honor its men of intellect."

II.

THE SECRETS OF THE NERVES.

There remained one wide area of the life processes which Dr. Loeb had but bordered—the action of the nerves, the physical processes by which we feel and know—the avenues through which comes the awe of Niagara, the tragedy of a Duse, the wonder of a rose.

Dr. Loeb had, indeed, shown that the mysterious and elaborate structure which present-time physiology attributes to the ganglions and the nerve cells is quite useless, that all we need ask for in a nerve are the most elementary properties of protoplasm, that it may conduct, and react to stimuli. It seems as if the nerve is the least differentiated of all the tissues of the body, has remained the nearest to the primitive plasm with which life begins. Such views opened the way to simple mechanical conceptions of the processes of sensation.

When Dr. Loeb had shown that the muscles might be made to beat or stop under the influence of certain ions, it was but a step to suppose that these same ions might have an equal effect on the tissue of the nerves. That step was taken by Dr. Albert P. Matthews, a colleague and co-worker with Professor Loeb, who had come back last fall to his native city of Chicago after a varied "wanderjahr," to take the post of physiological chemistry in its University.

A mass of observation and experimental material was already at hand. Half a century ago Thomas Graham, a highly original English chemist, struck out a broad line of distinction between those substances which crystallize when they solidify and those which do not. The latter he called the colloids, the glue-like substances. An ordinary hen's egg, or gelatine, is a good example. When the cook stirs up fat or jelly in hot water, she makes a colloid solution. Speaking broadly, the human body is such an affair. That is, it is about seventy-five per cent. water, the rest jelly and bones. The nerves and the brain cells are eighty or eighty-five per cent. water.

The action of the colloids in water was long a bothersome puzzle. Much light came when Hardy of old Cambridge, in England, demonstrated that the colloid particles bear an electrical charge, that these complex molecules (some chemists suppose the ordinary white-of-egg molecules to contain five or six thousand atoms) act just like a simple ion. Further, Hardy showed that the colloids carry positive electricity, and are precipitated by the negative kinds of ions.

Then there was another notable work being done, by Overton and others, on the effect of anesthetics; chloroform, ether—all their like dissolve fats. Their action on the nerves is to deaden, to stop sensation—that is, to retard the progress of the nerve impulse. And the nerves are, to put it crudely, simply highly phosphorized fats in a weak salt solution.

WHY A NERVE TENDS TO "JELL."

To bridge over from the one to the other of these striking facts needed but a constructive imagination, and that the quick mind of Professor Matthews supplied. If, he said, the nerves consist of colloid particles in suspension, and the effect of chloroform is to make a solution thinner, by dissolving the particles further, that must be the process by which a nerve loses its ability to be excited. The thinner the solution in the nerve the less easily it conducts. The process of stimulation must be just the opposite. A nerve conducts better, is more easily stimulated, the nearer it approaches a state of jelly. This would be brought about by precipitation of the colloid particles. And if the latter are positively charged, as Hardy has shown, then it would be a *negative* current which would effect such a precipitation, and hence a negative current that produces a stimulus of a nerve.

It was precisely this that Professor Matthews had found to be true, that the stimulus of a nerve by an electric current always proceeds from the negative pole, the cathode. Here seemed quite striking proof that his theory was well grounded. It seemed the opening toward a complete explanation of nerve action. Slight wonder if a young man of thirty, keen to enter the front of the lists, should sit up nights thinking about it, and Professor Matthews did.

Taking the muscles of a frog, to which the motor nerve was still attached by one end, he undertook the systematic study of various solutions of salts, such as Professor Loeb had used to make the muscles beat directly without the intervention of the nerves. The muscle itself was hung so that when it contracted it made a lever work up and down, and the latter, with a pencil attached, traced the jerks on a revolving drum. The nerve is bathed in the solution. To see the thing in action, with one's own eyes, gives one an uncanny sensation.

HOW A NERVE WAVE TRAVELS.

It soon was clear that Dr. Matthews was right in his belief that it was the negative ions which make the frog's legs jerk. Their action through the nerve, and on the muscle direct, is the same. The nerve, then, must somehow effect a release of negative ions at the point where it blends with the muscular tissue. How?

If, said Dr. Matthews, the negative ions be in excess in the solution, and the positive and negative ions in the nerve be just balanced, the effect would be the precipitation of the first layer of colloid particles bearing positive charges, and in contact with the solution. This would release a certain number of negative ions lying next in the nerve sheath, and these in turn would precipitate the adjoining colloids. This would result in a kind of wave of precipitation, traveling along the nerve, and at the end would be a set of free negative ions, ready to call the muscle into action. The nerve impulse, then, is a consecutive series of precipitations.

But it remained to be explained how a mere mechanical stimulus, a push or a blow, could set up this wave. This can be accounted for by supposing the effect is the same as when raindrops on a window coalesce when the window is struck. Two or more colloid particles coming together would have their surfaces reduced, hence their electrical charge reduced, hence the release of a corresponding number of negative charges. The wave is started.

All this, it should be understood, is as yet simply a working hypothesis. Whether it turns out to be true depends on how well it agrees with such facts as may come to light later. But on the basis of such material as exists, Professor Matthews has reached an extremely elaborate and ingenious theory. He found that different quantities of different solutions were required to produce the same effect. Comparing his figures, Dr. Matthews found here, as Dr. Loeb had found in previous work, an apparent influence of the valencies. Some of the doubly charged atoms appeared to produce twice the effect of the singly charged, and so with three and four charges.

Yet this simple relation would not explain all. The single and double and triple charged ions varied among themselves. Among the salt-forming elements there seemed to be a curious relationship with their atomic weights. Bromine atoms were more effective than the chlorine atoms, iodine than the bromine. But fluorine, the lightest of the group, was most active of all.

Professor Matthews has essayed to account for these differences by an appeal to the very newest theories of electricity. Taking a leaf from Larmor's hypothesis of electrons, which supposes a kind of an electric atom, a charge not associated with ordinary matter, he believes that, for example, the electron rotates about the atom of fluorine

twice as fast as about the chlorine atom, and hence develops a more powerful field of action.

But all this is merely mathematical speculation. It is interesting, but not proved. Still, the general theory does link together, apparently, a wide number of related facts. Heat, for example, would make the colloid solution thinner, hence the nerve would be less easily stimulated than when cold. At high temperature, the colloids would turn into jelly, and the nerve be excited.

These last are for scientific folk to puzzle over. Simple people will be more interested in the way the theory might explain some every-day affairs.

Chloroform, carried into the blood through the lungs, and so to the brain, tends to dissolve further the highly sensitive brain cells. While this state lasts, there can be no sensation. As the chloroform is swept away, consciousness returns. Quite comparable is the familiar fact of intoxication. Alcohol, carried from the stomach, through the arteries, to the brain, has the same effect.

In this same easy fashion one may explain the action of whisky when a man has been bitten by a snake. The effect of the poison is to coagulate the substance of the nerves. Alcohol has the opposite effect, and so may save a man's life. This is important if true.

It is all very new. It will require long and patient experiment to determine its value. Professor Matthews naturally believes that from it much may come.

"It should," he said, "afford the basis for a national pharmacology. By means of the ionic theory the effect of drugs should be computable with a mathematical accuracy. So, too, in the field of psychology, its applications should be wide. It should afford such an insight into the mechanism of sensation as at present we have not a trace of. It should, too, reach far into the nature of nervous diseases—St. Vitus' dance and its like—and likewise afford a solid foundation for a nervous pathology. Of what else may come, it is for the future to disclose."

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

Such is the effective climax of long labors, days and nights of patient experiment, of ingenious questioning, of slow piecing together the scattered bits of hardly acquired knowledge. It has been the work of an army of investigators, scattered over the earth, but all advancing, under the invisible captains of a common purpose and a kindred hope, toward the conquest of the unknown world which lies beyond our primitive senses.

The very attractive rewards, material and public, especially notable in American life, have turned away the current from study and research. As a result, America has won no such place in the larger spaces of positive knowledge as Germany, France, and other lands.

The brilliant example of what a healthier spirit, as exemplified in the work of the University of Chicago, may bring, should be helpful. There is no reason why the Darwins and Kelvins, the Berthelots and Virchows, should be born abroad.

MARCONI.

By William Aspenwall Bradley.

Who says Italia holds a dying race
And all the glory of her line is spent?
This western world is still her monument
No less than when the Genoese did trace
The trackless ocean and Spain's banner place
Upon our strand. For, hark! the air is rent
With strange turmoil, a mystic hail is sent
To us by her last-born who conquers space.

You and Columbus! So we link your name
With his, Marconi, o'er the centuries,
Who with frail ships did bridge the narrow seas,
While you have bound them with the darting flame
Of unseen human speech. His be the shame,
Who scorns the great mother of such sons as these!

The committee.

KIOWA'S REVIVAL.

By Chauncey Thomas,

Author of "The Sheriff of Elbert," "Why the Hot Sulphur Mail was Late," "Mason's Masterpiece," and other stories.

OLD man Mitch, Andy Wilson, Sol Jones, and the Reverend John Ashton-Kent were drunk. About all Kiowa was, too, but that is only an incident. The drunkest man in town was the heretofore model young minister. But it was not his fault. You too would swallow a flask of liquid lightning in five frantic gulps if, when walking deep in thought, you were grabbed from behind by four of the strongest men in Kiowa, the bottle's neck forced between your set teeth, and—but I am traveling ahead of my story.

The election had been won. Miss Cornelia Primpton-Ward was in a Pullman speeding toward Boston. Her faith in human nature had received a terrific wrench. Nevermore would Miss Cornelia Primpton-Ward be a candidate for anything except matrimonial honors. Woman's suffrage, especially in Kiowa, Elbert County, Colorado, no longer possessed charms for her strong mind.

Now Kiowa had a minister. He was young. He was conscientious. He was inexperienced. A year before, the Rev. John Ashton-Kent had been graduated from an Eastern "preacher factory," as Paddy had called it once, had timidly bid 119 pounds of pretty goodness good-bye, and had answered a "call" in Kiowa. Things had gone slowly for the Rev. John Ashton-Kent in Kiowa, though in every other way the "city" had surged with the life of the frontier.

The "parson," as he was known, was tall, pale, and slight. He had the scholar's stoop. He always looked up the world, the flesh, and his rival through pebble glass. Cracked patent leathers at one end, a flea-bitten silk hat at the other, with a Prince Albert coat and carefully creased black trousers in between, hid the good young man's nakedness. For a year he had "boarded round" from house to house in Kiowa, in the fashion still in vogue for school-teachers in rural districts. Now and then he spent a week or

two at a distant ranch. Every Sunday morning, nine o'clock to the minute, the schoolhouse bell announced that the Rev. Kent was pulling the rope. Then followed a really eloquent and scholarly sermon to the few who gathered to hear him. Sunday evenings, Wednesday evenings, at all times did the young minister labor, but in vain. That dull, soul-discouraging thing that men call indifference, all his zeal, faith, prayer had failed to overcome. Clearly the Rev. John Ashton-Kent, with his somewhat effeminate, precise ways was not popular in Kiowa. Neither was he unpopular. Kiowa simply tolerated the gentleman. "He's harmless," grinned Paddy.

Kiowa fed and roofed him, some missionary society paid his extremely modest bills. But one day Kiowa was thrown into convulsions. "Old Nigger Sue," who did washing for fifty cents per dozen, and lived in a miserable shanty on the outskirts, had small-pox. Incidentally half the soiled clothes of Kiowa were in the polluted shack. Now your frontiersman fears not the bullet nor the knife; but small-pox—well, that is another matter. However, it all ended by the Rev. John Ashton-Kent, with a huge basket of provisions, some medicines, and a few books, going to live in the hut for ten days. When the laundress died, the Rev. Kent, unaided, dug a deep grave near by, and buried her with simple but appropriate ceremonies. Then the young divine carefully sprinkled kerosene over the premises and applied the match. Incidentally Kiowa's soiled linen was consumed. The young man went off into the wilderness of Andy Wilson's pasture and lived alone in a tent for a month. No signs of the disease appearing, he again burned his domicile and contents, including the clothes on his back. After a rub down with water strong with chloride of mercury in a sandy pool of Kiowa Creek, not overlooking his hair, the minister donned new raiment, the first he had known since leaving college. As it was Sunday morning, he proceeded gently to the schoolhouse. The bell rang for the first time in six weeks. In ten minutes the room was crowded.

"Swinging a squawking Brahma rooster by the neck, he beat his way to liberty."

The pent-up feelings of six long, trying weeks pealed forth. The Rev. John Ashton-Kent pleaded for a church. It was in the spring. Every one was short of ready money. But $269.40 was what the tin pail contained when services were over. "It is a nest egg," said the Rev. Kent. But brave deeds are not uncommon in and around Kiowa. They never are in the cattle country. Slowly Kiowa forgot.

Once more only a dozen or more gathered every Sunday in the little schoolhouse. "I am almost discouraged. Pray for me," was what a pair of tear-dimmed blue eyes in Boston read. Then the Rev. John Ashton-Kent got drunk. He compounded matters by being found in Widow Dawson's henhouse. When discovered in his retreat by a committee bearing forty feet of half-inch rope, who wanted to know what had become of the $269.40 church fund, the Rev. John Ashton-Kent had uttered a war-whoop and opened a Gatling fire on his inquisitors with the contents of a setting-hen's nest. Then swinging a squawking Brahma rooster by the neck, he beat his way to liberty. The chicken lost innumerable feathers and its life. Yelling like a Comanche the Rev. John Ashton-Kent, his shiny black coat trimmed with feathers, had raced down the main street of Kiowa. A little black and white dog with a short tail enthusiastically joined in the race. "Go it, Parson," yelled those in the street. He was wild-eyed and panting. "I'll bet on the purp," thundered Paddy.

Close behind the flying preacher came the

committee with the rope. They swayed and stumbled, yelping like coyotes. In front of the drug store, Andy Wilson's roan cow-horse stood untied, after the manner of all good cow-horses. Whipping the trailing lines over the cayuse's head, the Rev. John Ashton-Kent scrambled into the saddle. With a whoop he sped out of Kiowa, *en route* direct for Kansas City, 400 miles away. The committee stopped aghast. Horse stealing! They solemnly seated themselves in the middle of the street and watched a bewildered roan cow-horse with a rollicking figure in black on his back disappear in a halo of dust over a distant ridge.

"W-ow!" came faintly from the distance. J. Chamberlain Moonson, the New York "lunger" and newspaper man, roving correspondent for the New York "Wail and Distress," looked on in calm approval. His Kodak was not idle. "What's he done?" "What's yah goin' to hang 'em for?" was the gist of the questions that rained down on the speechless committee. Then the committee said something that shocked the ladies, and scowled at the pressing circle. The circle retired. Without rising, the committee hitched around into a ring, put their heads together, and consulted. The committee arose.

"What's 'e done? Don't yah see? Lifted the church boodle, blew it in, went sneaking 'round Widow Dawson's for no good purpose. Looks like it, don't it? Found 'em in the hen-coop, stole my roan and lit out. Where's Bob Steele? Hey, Bob! Here, you brand new policeman, you, why don't you catch the horse-thief? Chance to polish your star," hiccoughed Old Man Mitch, evidently the leader, as he carried the rope.

Steele demurred. "He had not yet been sworn in," etc. "Makes no difference. That's my horse Jim—Roan Jimmie—sir, the best horse on a rope in Elbert County, sir, and you've got to git him back for me. Didn't we 'lect you to do that very thing?"

There was no answering the last argument. Leisurely Bob Steele saddled a rangey bay, borrowed a Winchester, and trotted away to the east. He knew that a drunken rider on Roan Jim would take many an hour to catch; for that bronco, next to his own

"Two days later, in the Sand Hills . . . two men were wandering."

dappled-gray beauty, "Silverheels," just then in training for coming races, was the best traveler on the Divide. On a long chase the horse that starts slowest goes farthest. And a good rider on a poor horse will run down a poor rider on a good horse.

Two days later, in the Sand Hills, some fifty miles east of Denver, two men were wandering. Both were consumed with a burning thirst. One had the throat that only a debauch wills to a fool. He was on horseback, dressed in black. A battered silk tile glittered in the sun. Chicken feathers appeared here and there. The other was on foot, hobbling along with a Winchester rifle for a crutch. His thirst was that of torture and a wound. Each man was in desperate straits. He on the staggering roan horse was lost. He on foot was wounded and weak. His horse had fallen, broken its own leg and bruised that of its rider. They met. Sheriff and horse-thief were pleased to see each other. They shook hands. Their pleasure was genuine. The unpleasant official business between them remained unmentioned. Neither man had many words to waste. Both spoke in hoarse whispers.

"Bob Steele and the chicken-thief! Y-i-i-p! Ki! yi!" rang the cry through the 3—D Ranch. Out poured the cowboys; into camp came a roan horse with two men on his back. In the saddle was a typical cowman; behind him rode, blinking, a gentleman in ministerial garb. "Water—boys—quick!" whispered Steele. Both men dismounted; one easily, the other otherwise. "Saddle a couple of fresh ones, will yah?" murmured Steele between drinks.

A roar of hoof tore into the corral. A rope settled around the neck and over one shoulder of the Rev. John Ashton-Kent. The man grabbed wildly at the air as he was jerked over backwards. Fourteen of Old Man Mitch's cowboys had at that unlucky instant returned from a three days' election spree in Kiowa.

"*Jackson!* Halt or I'll—" Bang! One shot from Bob Steele's rifle was enough. The bullet grazed Jackson's ribs under the right arm and broke his horse's neck. The animal collapsed in mid-air. Bob Steele had missed. It was a snap-shot. He had intended to kill, but instantly was secretly glad of the lucky accident.

"Boys, none of that. It won't work with me. This man goes to Kiowa alive, or we both go there dead and plenty of you fellows to keep us company. He says he's innocent. I don't believe his tale, but we'll see when we get to Kiowa."

The voice, though hoarse and raw, was cold and firm as iron. The Winchester was at his shoulder, cocked. The sheriff-elect spoke along the barrel. He in black, the tile, and feathers, painfully arose to his feet. Calmly and fearlessly he faced his would-be lynchers. No anger showed. On the face was a bewildered, pleading expression, but not unkind. With his handkerchief he dusted his clothes and patent leathers and smoothed his wrecked tile.

"All right, pardner, just as you say. Excuse us," the foreman hastened to say.

But Steele's eyes were kindling. Jackson had struggled unhurt to his feet. He was the bully of the ranch, not over popular, and posed as a bad man. He had bluffed former sheriffs, and sneeringly boasted of it.

"Jackson, dance," ordered Steele. The man lowered at the officer. *Bang!* A spurt of dust veiled him. He leaped a yard into the air. One's feet grow wondrous light and electrified when a bullet rips between them. Not one will in ten thousand can keep the feet to the ground, though pride splinters its teeth. *Bang!* leap, *bang!* leap, *bang!* leap, *bang!* leap, on went the dance, to the rifle shots. Steele stopped shooting. Jackson kept on dancing. The crowd roared.

"You *will* rope a man out of my hands, will you? Stop!" ordered Steele. Jackson stopped, panting and flustered.

"Turn sideways and lift your foot!" Jackson did so.

Bang! Pieces of leather and iron nails flew through the air. The boot heel had disappeared. Jackson rolled in the dust in agony, hugging his foot, but unhurt. It was as if an ax had hit him on the heel. Just then two horses, saddled, were led up. Thirty seconds later a cavalcade cantered toward Kiowa. Bob Steele and the minister led the procession. They rode side by side in silence. A Winchester jingled and pounded across the sheriff's saddle. Behind straggled every man on the 3—D Ranch, except one. "Hang'en in town to-day. But Steele knows his business. I'd hate to raise him in his pile. Jackson got the hot stuff all right enough." So said the ranch cookie to the night tender. Jackson, his kingdom gone, was riding alone, fast and furious, far away into the southeast. The foreman had lingered behind to give him his time and sell him a horse. Jackson was bound for Texas.

It was a great day in Kiowa. The whole town assembled before the White Dog. The reaction from drink and politics had set in. The town felt ashamed of itself, but stoutly avowed otherwise to avoid suspicion. It is human nature for men in these circumstances to cast about for a scapegoat. The Rev. John Ashton-Kent, hypocrite, drunkard, embezzler, chicken- and horse-thief, came to hand just in the nick of time. But there was Bob Steele and Bob Steele's rifle. That cold-blooded gentleman, with a fanatical regard for lawful forms, could—and, what was more, would—shoot. "Shot, hung, and arrested," was said to be the way he sometimes transacted official business. So pious Kiowa gathered. The committee who had run the saintly prisoner out of the widow's hen-coop acted as a self-appointed jury, with Paddy Malone as chairman. As they were the most influential men in Kiowa, no objections were made. The widow testified. Her story had grown and changed bit by bit each time she had repeated it during the last forty-eight hours. What early in the tale were opinions later on became facts; surmises changed to realities, and it was a very black story that she vehemently related to the solemn jury. The Rev. John Ashton-Kent looked aghast. His exit from the hen-coop, where the widow found him, was known personally to the jury. One of the rooster's spurs had drawn blood from Old Man Mitch's scalp.

"A roar of hoof tore into the corral."

A feather still stuck with dried cockerel blood to Andy's shirt. The preacher's theatrical dash through town had already become a matter of local history. Kiowa saw him steal the roan. The church fund was gone. Where? Ask the Right Rev. Johnnie Ashes-Repent, as Spud Tommy was heard to remark. The youth was promptly squelched.

Then the reverend young minister was called upon for his defense. He really had none, could not remember, had a confused remembrance of a struggle, it was all so mixed, he was so astounded, so unable to account for it all—some terrible mistake surely, his intentions had been the best. A groan from the crowd interrupted him. The minister sat down, hopeless. His thin, delicate hands, still stained with chicken blood,

"Kiowa was singing:"

were straining with each other between his trembling knees. A pure, girlish face arose, mutely reproachful, before his eyes. Would she believe it? How could she doubt it? He himself believed it all, hideous as it was. It was all terrible, inexplicable, though in his heart he had been innocent of any wrong intent. Tears came into the man's eyes. Then the mouth moved in silent prayer, the lips tightened, the eyes cleared, and the face became calm.

Steele was seated beside his prisoner. While the jury retired he played carelessly with the lever of his rifle. The rattle of that lever kept the crowd respectful. Things looked black for the Rev. John Ashton-Kent. "Better make a clean breast of it, man, and let me lock you up," muttered Steele to his prisoner. The latter shook his head. The proceedings had been irregular. Steele did not approve of them in the least; but then Andy, Old Man Mitch, Sol, and Paddy were men not to be ignored in Kiowa, even by Bob Steele. Steele had no idea what the proceedings were for. If any one had an idea that they were going to hang the prisoner on general principles and a telegraph pole he was mistaken, that was all. After the trial Steele was going to lock up his prisoner, let the jury decide what it would.

The jury emerged from the back room of the White Dog. They carried a table and placed it on the sidewalk. Paddy Maloney, in his white apron, his bald head shining like a billiard ball, mounted it. The verdict was in his hand. Paddy impressively raised his hand for silence. No one spoke nor moved, except Spud Tommy. This youth was loudly expounding his opinion in favor of rushing Bob Steele and hanging the prisoner, when some one hit him a crushing blow in the back with the shotted end of a quirt. He subsided between syllables. Then Paddy read the verdict. Between the lines showed the fine hand of J. Chamberlain Moonson. A dear little blue-eyed woman keeps the paper as her dearest treasure. This is the way it reads:

Whereas, The Reverent, John Ashton-Kent, is accused of stealing $269.40, the same being all Kiowa's available church money, getting drunk, stealing chickens and a roan horse; and,

Whereas, Andrew Jackson Wilson, Solomon Jones, and Ulysas S. Mitchell, in properly celebrating the saving of the city of Kiowa from dire political disaster in petticoats did by means of physical force forceably and wrongfully and sorely against his will pour a pint of whiskey down the throat of the said Reverent John Ashton-Kent; and,

Whereas, In confusion of mind the said Rev. Kent is unable to remember this occurrence which came on suddenly and without warning from behind; and,

Whereas, The said Wilson, Jones and Mitchell, did secretly take and conceal the $269.40 church money as a joke; and,

Whereas, It was a poor joke; and,

Whereas, The Reverent John Ashton-Kent is a good and esteemed citizen and representative of the Lord among us and was entirely and totally innocent of all wrong doing or intention to do the same; and,

Whereas, Said Andrew Jackson Wilson, Solomon Jones and Ulysas S. Mitchell were drunk at the time and are now desirous of squaring things with our beloved parson; and,

Whereas, There is no church nor place for a preacher to live, exist, have his being, three square meals a day, bed, wife, cow and especially chickens, etc.; and,

Whereas, Our beloved parson has a good and pretty girl waiting for him in Bean Town on the Charles; and,

Whereas, it is not good for man, especially preachers, to live alone,

Wherefore, Said Andrew Jackson Wilson, Solomon Jones, Ulysas S. Mitchel and Paddy Maloney, the latter being in on the deal all the time, all being exceedingly anxious to square themselves with our beloved parson

'God moves in a mysterious way.'

and to do the right thing to make up for the rough house he has had;

And furthermore, to keep up the untainted and spotless reputation of Kiowa, Elbert County, Colorado, as a peaceful, quiet and law-abiding community, do each hereby donate and give twenty head of four year steers toward a church fund, sixty in all that ought to be worth from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars in the Denver yards depending upon the market and the beef trust;

And furthermore, in lieu of steers Paddy Maloney donates five acres of ground the same being any block in Maloney's sub-addition to Kiowa that our beloved parson may choose for church and pastorate purposes;

And furthermore, the citizens of Kiowa are hereby pledged to give our beloved parson a salary of at least three hundred per year beside at least four donation parties each year, slippers barred;

And furthermore, said Wilson, Jones, Mitchel and Maloney, hereby hand and give back the $269.40 money taken as a joke and say that our beloved parson take this money and with it hit the trail in the high places for the states, faster than he did even on Wilson's roan, marry that girl and bring her out here to the glorious West and to the equally glorious Kiowa that she may dwell in happiness and the new house that will be built for her and him by the time the last quarter of the honey moon wanes.

And be it further resolved that we hang him if he don't.

"This is our verdict. Will you all chip in and make it the biggest religious jack-pot Kiowa ever saw?" yelled Paddy.

Kiowa gaped. Bob Steele lead the cheering. Crash! crash! came two volleys of revolver shots timed by Steele's Winchester. The minister was hustled to the table. Seated on a chair on the table, which in turn rested on the shoulders of the jury, the parson, his headache now forgotten, headed a procession through the main street of Kiowa. Men, women, and children, all were marching. Before the swaying column strutted Spud Tommy with his drum. The Widow Dawson was waltzing. In the rear came a bunch of cow-men, their broncos prancing, pitching, rearing, kicking, and biting in the excitement. Six-shooters were crackling like cannon-crackers.

Kiowa was singing:

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saint, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

In the very lead, a long gun in either hand, doing a Bowery cake-walk backwards in time to the swinging music, J. Chamberlain Moonson led the shooting and the song.

In front of the White Dog once more the wild music died away. A hush settled upon the crowd. "Speech! Speech, Parson, speech!" yelled Bob Steele. Crash! went another volley. The minister arose, his face like living marble. Kiowa stood silent and hatless. As the rising of the white revolver smoke, so floated up from the man's soul the most intensely fervent words he ever uttered:

"Let us pray."

AARON BURR.

From the crayon portrait by James Sharples, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE TRIAL OF AARON BURR.

By Ida M. Tarbell,

Author of "Napoleon," "Life of Lincoln," etc.

THE town of Richmond was in a fine bustle of curiosity. The cause of it was the news of the arrival the day before (March 26, 1807) of a prisoner on whom the Government of the United States had been trying to get its hand for some four months. This man was Aaron Burr, and the charge on which he had been arrested was that of setting "unlawful enterprises" on foot in the Western States.

It was evident from the excited talk of the people who crowded the street corners of Richmond that day, and filled the great court of the old Eagle Tavern, where Burr was confined, that nine-tenths of them believed him to be so despicable a traitor as to deserve no trial. There was perhaps a tenth of the crowd, however, who were outspoken in the prisoner's favor, who declared loudly that his schemes in the West were legitimate and such as they themselves would gladly enough have helped in, that his arrest was a piece of Democratic injustice and Jeffersonian jealousy. A stranger would not have listened long, indeed, to the talk without discovering that it was quite as much a case of Federalist *vs.* Democrat as of Burr and treason, and that while the mass believed Burr guilty because the President had declared him so, the remnant affected to believe him innocent for the same reason.

But politics aside, Richmond knew quite enough of the man, of his career, and particularly of the series of adventures which had ended in this arrest, to justify the commotion his presence had aroused. He was as well born as any of them, being a son of the first President of Princeton College and a grandson of Jonathan Edwards; and there was not a man in Virginia more thoroughly versed in the law and in literature, or whose mind had been more rigorously trained to brilliant and effective action. He had been a good soldier, a successful lawyer, and when he had tried politics, he had risen to the Vice-Presidency, his term having ended only two years before. They remembered with bitterness, most of them, that he had been more or less

interested, in 1804, in the intrigues of the New Englanders for breaking up the Union and establishing a Northern Confederacy. They still discussed heatedly over their wine the duel in which, in the summer of 1804, he had killed Alexander Hamilton—a duel which they all knew had driven him from his home stamped as a murderer, and had forced him to seek a new country and a new career.

Of his adventures in the two years he had been seeking his fortune they knew something and surmised more. They knew that in the summer of 1805 he had made a long journey in the West, where he had been honored as a hero. Rumors had come back that he was using his popularity to obtain aid in some sort of a buccaneering expedition against Mexico, and there were people who said that he was trying to persuade the territories west of the Alleghanies to set up for themselves. They remembered that he had come to Washington in the winter of 1805–06—and although the newspapers had hinted that his business in the East was to obtain aid for the treasonable plans he had set on foot in the West, the President had seemed to have no fear, for he had received him cordially enough at the White House.

They had heard little of Burr through the summer of 1806; then suddenly, in the fall, a Kentucky paper—the "Western World"—began charging him with conspiracy. This disturbance in Kentucky finally led to Burr's arrest in that State, on the charge of violating the laws of the United States by setting on foot a military expedition against Mexico, and attempting to create a revolution in the Western Territories. The ease with which Burr, aided by young Henry Clay, had triumphed in the trial everybody remembered, though nobody felt sure whether it was the triumph of innocence or audacity. This was early in November. Before the end of the month the President had startled the country into the conclusion that the rumors of treason which had been circulating for so long must be true, by issuing a proclamation that the "unlawful enterprises" must be stopped at once, and the persons interested in them brought to punishment. Then had come the disquieting news that a great expedition had set out from Blennerhassett's Island, near Marietta, Ohio, and that it was growing as it advanced, until 7,000 men, Burr at their head, were descending the Mississippi to capture New Orleans. They had waited long for the attack, but it did not come. The next news had been that the expedition, alarmed by the vigor with which the commander-in-chief of the army, General James Wilkinson, had prepared to receive it, had disbanded, and that its leaders had fled.

For two months Burr had disappeared. In that period stories of his treasonable plans had accumulated until the country, for the most part, had come to feel that it had escaped warfare and dissolution only because of the watchfulness of its President, Jefferson, and the energy of the commander-in-chief of its army, Wilkinson.

Now that the cause of the alarm was in their own town, and that they were soon to know what there was in it all, it is not to be wondered at that Richmond was excited, or that the neighboring country gentlemen and the politicians of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York came flocking to town as fast as their horses or the stage coaches could carry them.

It was on March 30th, four days after his arrival, that Burr was conducted across the crowded court of the Eagle Tavern to a room where the Chief Justice of the United States, John Marshall, was waiting to examine him. It is rare in the world that two men so able are confronted as judge and prisoner. Marshall and Burr were almost of an age, and both had been nurtured in the greatest school our country has provided—the War of the Revolution. When it began, both were studying law, one in Virginia, the other in New York. They had flung their books away at the first gun, and joined the army, and both had done honorable service. Returning to the law, they had risen to distinguished places, Marshall being ranked in Richmond as the peer of Patrick Henry, Benjamin Botts, and Edmund Randolph, while Burr in New York had become the rival of and frequently the victor over Alexander Hamilton. They had been drawn into political life, and John Marshall had been appointed Chief Justice of the United States by John Adams only a month before Aaron Burr had taken the oath as Vice-President. Equally successful to this point, an observer might say, and many who watched them from afar felt with reason that Burr would go farther than Marshall. He was a prodigious worker, while Marshall was rather indolent by nature. His knowledge of books, of men, of the world was greater. Burr probably had more even of legal learning than Marshall; and as for his judicial power, it was most impressive. Some one who watched him as he presided over the trial of Judge Chase declared that he exercised "the dig-

nity and impartiality of an angel and the rigor of a devil."

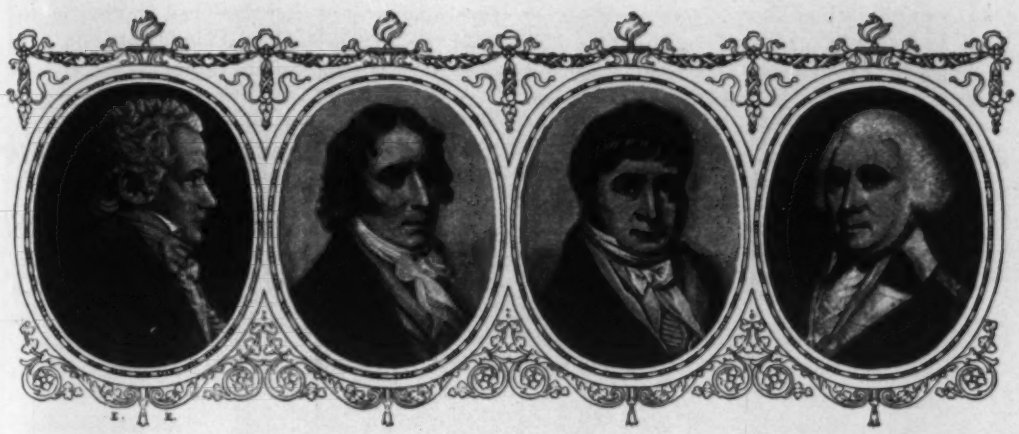
Marshall's advantage over Burr—the reason the one now sat as judge of the other as prisoner—was moral. The chief justice was the embodiment of integrity—integrity of intellect, of feeling, of conduct. Burr was a past-master of worldliness, and he practised his creed with ardor. Many men had found it out; among them were dangerous enemies—men of eloquence and sentiment and more or less pretensions. They might have let him pass had he not taken every opportunity to prick their bubbles of rhetoric and tumble them from their poses. That they could not forgive, and they used the character Burr had developed so deliberately to create popular distrust of him. Their success had been admirable. Aaron Burr, at that moment, was regarded as the most dangerous man in the United States, just as John Marshall was looked upon as the most trustworthy.

Three days after Burr's examination the chief justice was ready with his decision. When it came, it was a surprise to the crowd and a disgust particularly to the Administration. The chief evidences of Burr's guilt which the Government had turned over to Marshall were the affidavits of General William Eaton, declaring that in the winter of 1805-06 Burr had laid before him a plan for seizing Mexico, revolutionizing the Western Territories, and establishing an independent state with himself at its head, and had tried to persuade the witness Eaton to join him; and of General James Wilkinson, commander-in-chief of the army, that Burr had revealed the same plans to him, and had offered him second place in the new state if he would come over to the conspiracy with his officers and men.

But what of it? said Marshall. According to the Constitution of the United States, a man must do something more than make plans and try to persuade others to join in them to be a traitor. There must be an overt act. There was no proof here that Burr had collected a great expedition on Blennerhassett's Island, as the prosecution declared, or that he had attempted to take New Orleans. "Several months have elapsed since this fact did occur, if it ever occurred," said the chief justice. "Why is it not proved? To the executive government is intrusted the important power of prosecuting those whose crimes may disturb the public repose or endanger its safety. It would be easy in much less time than has intervened since Colonel Burr has been alleged to have assembled his troops to procure affidavits establishing the fact"; and he committed Burr for misdemeanor, charging him to appear May 22d, at the next Circuit Court at Richmond. His bail was fixed at $10,000, a sum promptly raised by Richmond friends.

Free, but knowing that a big fight was coming, Burr set himself with all the eagerness of a man in whom the zest for struggle is keen, and who feels himself master of his weapons, to make ready his defense. He decided to direct his case himself, but he engaged as counsel the strongest lawyers of the country: Edmund Randolph, Luther Martin, John Wickham, Benjamin Botts, Charles Lee, and John Baker. With them he was, from that time on, "busy, busy, busy," as he wrote his daughter. Not all his time was given to legal matters, by any means. He put in no small amount in preparing a sort of *claque* to support him in the coming scenes. As soon as set at liberty, Burr had taken a house in Richmond and prepared to entertain generously. The town was a pleasure-loving place, famous for its conviviality—when the legislature was in session, a five-gallon bowl of toddy stood ready for all comers every afternoon at the governor's house—for its horse-racing, and its beautiful women: exactly the place to appreciate the address, the wit, the accomplishments of a man like Aaron Burr. His imperturbable attitude in face of all his difficulties, the smiling confidence with which he talked of his coming trial, appealed deeply to men like these of Richmond, who loved a daring spirit, in whatever cause engaged; and as for the women, they were always his friends. Burr was a gallant of unmatched charm, if of none too much scruple, and rarely in his life did he fail to make a champion of a woman whom he chose to notice.

He soon had about him in Richmond as gay and devoted a circle as a man could wish. Luther Martin with his daughter, afterward famous as Mrs. Richard Raynal Keene, was in town much of the time, and they used all their influence to crowd Burr's house with the best of Richmond Federalist society. One of the many who sat at his table at this period has left an account of what he saw. "The dinner was superb," he writes, "abounding in all the luxuries which Virginia's generous soil yields in lavish abundance. Twenty ladies and gentlemen of rank, fortune, and fashion graced the festive board. . . . On



GENERAL WILLIAM EATON.

From an original portrait in the collection of Hampton L. Carson, of Philadelphia, Pa.

HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT.

From a miniature taken in Europe about 1795.

J. E. BOLLMANN.

From the collection of Hampton L. Carson.

GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON.

From a crayon portrait by James Sharples, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROMINENT FIGURES IN THE TRIAL OF AARON BURR.

this occasion Burr's fascinating flatteries were lavished indiscriminately on the sex in general."

The time passed quickly to the meeting of the Circuit Court on May 22d. Before the day arrived, the town was filled by as motley a crowd as was ever brought together on American soil. They came at the command of the Government to testify against Burr, or of their own free will to add the support of their presence to his defense. There were raftsmen from the Ohio, planters and politicians from Kentucky and Tennessee, Spaniards from New Orleans, rich young men from New York, adventurers from everywhere. There was General Eaton, "strutting about the streets under a tremendous hat, with a Turkish sash over colored clothes." There was Commander Truxton, who said he had been promised the head of the navy which Burr hoped to raise to aid in taking Mexico. Most conspicuous of all, there was General Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, who from morning until night stamped up and down the corridors of the tavern and over the sandy hillside on which the court-house stood, damning Jefferson and extolling Burr.

The court met in those days in the house of delegates, a big barren room without galleries, around which the benches ran in circles, leaving a clear place in the center for the prisoner. There was scant room here for the hundreds who gathered on May 22d to witness the opening of the trial. Every inch of space was soon filled, and one young man, Winfield Scott, to be heard from later as a soldier, even got a footing on the huge lock of the doors, where, towering above the crowd, Burr himself noticed him, and told long afterward of the impression of splendid strength the young man made on him.

It was worth some crowding to see such a court as gathered there. On the bench were Chief Justice Marshall and Cyrus Griffin, Judge of the District of Virginia; at the bar for the prosecution, U. S. District Attorney George Hay, William Wirt, and Alexander McRae; for the defense were the lawyers already mentioned. The difficulty of the prisoner's position was apparent as soon as the court opened, for it was found that the Grand Jury to a man believed him guilty. Indeed, it was only by the prisoner declaring that he could not and did not expect an impartial jury, and would take any candid man, that work could proceed. This matter was no sooner arranged than a more serious hitch came. The prosecution was not ready to go on with the case—its most important witness, General James Wilkinson, had not arrived. The delay gave Burr and his friends a fine opportunity to complain. *Why* was General Wilkinson not there? The Government had had months to get him there. Was this not another evidence that Jefferson was simply persecuting Burr, that he had no proof of his guilt? When day after day passed and the same plea for delay was made, the cry of persecution began to extend beyond Richmond to

the country, which had already waited so long to know what there was in the Burr conspiracy that it was beginning to get disgusted. Was the President *afraid* to present Wilkinson? people began to ask. "Virginia was probably supposed the place where, of all others, he would stand the least chance," said the New York "Evening Post." "At the rate things go on, it will probably be the place where he will stand the best."

Neither side was idle during the delay. From morning until night the most passionate wrangling went on. An effort was made to have Burr put in jail; it failed, and then the prosecution fought to raise his bail, also without success. Hours were taken in discussing why Wilkinson did not arrive, and other hours in trying to find out what kind of evidence the chief justice would admit. Altogether the most dramatic episode came when Burr moved that the court issue a subpœna to President Jefferson, requiring him to appear before the court and furnish certain papers. The prosecution was overwhelmed that Burr knew of these papers. Hay afterward declared that the devil must have helped him. After a long argument, Marshall read one of his clean, convincing opinions, deciding that a President of the United States might be subpœnaed. Jefferson would not appear, but, much to his disgust, he had to furnish the papers.

It was on June 13th that Wilkinson, finally, did arrive, and witnesses were immediately rushed before the Grand Jury, which announced on the 24th that it was ready to report. To the great satisfaction of Jefferson, two indictments were found against Burr: one for treason and one for misdemeanor. At the same time Harman Blennerhassett, on whose island in the Ohio the hostile force was declared to have gathered, and from which it had set out, was indicted for the same offenses.

No bail was allowed for a prisoner charged with treason, and Burr was ordered to jail. He came down smiling and serene through the great silent crowd which surrounded the court-house, and as he entered the carriage with the marshal he bowed pleasantly, and said to those near by that his friends would always find him at home now.

THEODOSIA, DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR.

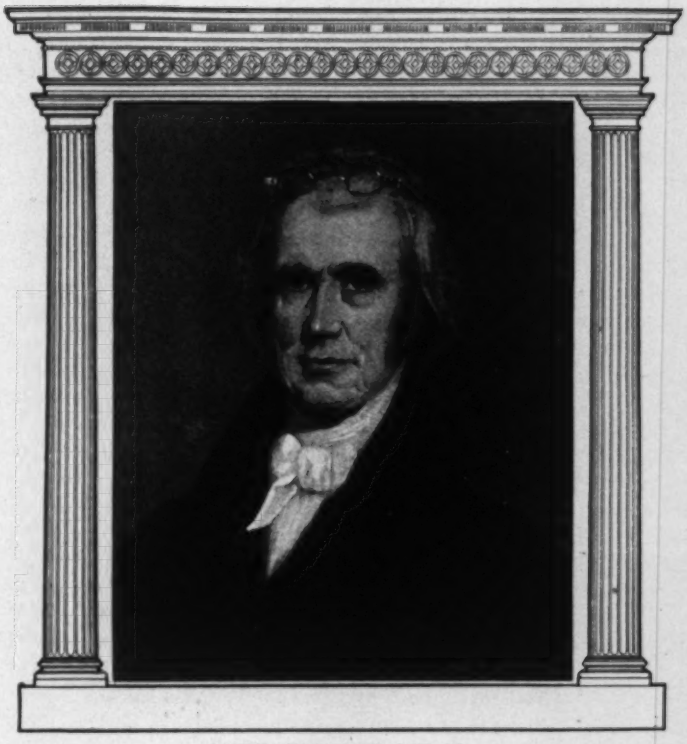
From an original portrait by St. Merwin, in the collection of Mr. Hampton L. Carson, Philadelphia, Pa.

The jail to which Burr was taken was not an agreeable place. His counsel complained to the court that he had to share a room ten feet square with a man and his wife. It was June and warm, and the chief justice consented to a change of residence. Three pleasant rooms in the penitentiary were put at his service, and here he was soon receiving as great and as gay a company as ever. Indeed, his friends were even more demonstrative in their attention than before, and his rooms were kept filled with offerings of all sorts. "Every day as I rode along the street," says the young man who served him as amanuensis, "my curricle was freighted with cake, confectionary, flowers redolent with perfume, wreathed into fancy bouquets of endless variety."

A few weeks after Burr entered the penitentiary his daughter Theodosia came from South Carolina with her husband, Joseph Alston, governor of his State, and one of the richest men of his day, to remain through the trial. She came prepared to match her father in courage and serenity. Indeed, it was the condition on which he allowed her to join him. "Remember," he wrote her, "no agitations, no complaints, no fears or anxieties on the road, or I renounce thee." The pres-

ence of Theodosia was not only a great joy to Burr; her beauty, her vivacity, her charm, gave new life to his circle, and the penitentiary became a gayer center than ever.

While Theodosia was adding to Burr's strength in Richmond, an act of Jefferson helped him without. Among his confederates in the West had been a German doctor, Erich Bollmann, who, at the time Wilkinson was fortifying New Orleans against the supposed horde from Blennerhassett's Island, had been arrested and sent East for trial with other agents of Burr. Here he had been promptly released by Chief Justice Marshall's decision that no overt act of levying war was proved or even alleged against him, and without proof of such an act no man could be held for treason. After his release Bollmann had gone to Jefferson with information concerning Burr's Western enterprise, which on Jefferson's promise that he would regard it as confidential he had put on paper. Contrary to his promise, the President showed Bollmann's testimony. The latter thereupon published Jefferson's written promise to keep the thing secret. "What shall we say," cried the New York "Evening Post," "when dishonor, open, palpable dishonor, is thus fixed on the Chief Magistrate? Is it not a wound inflicted in the character of the nation itself?"



CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

From an original portrait at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

It was nearly six weeks after the indictment that the trial began—August 3d. In spite of the long delay and the intense heat, excitement was as great in Richmond now as it had been when the Grand Jury met, and the hall of delegates witnessed the same struggle for a place to see and hear. The bench, the bar, the witnesses were practically the same as in May, though Burr's support had grown materially. He now had Theodosia and Governor Alston at his side, as well as an increased backing of sympathizers. In no degree had the long confinement or his hard work worn on him. No trace of anxiety was on his face, no uneasiness in his manner. Arrayed in faultless black, his hair and queue powdered, his smooth-shaven, high-bred face firm, his brilliant black eyes fixed unwaveringly on each speaker, he was the last man in the court to look guilty. The extent of the popular belief that he was guilty was overwhelmingly demonstrated, however, as soon as an attempt to secure a jury was made. There were forty-eight men in the venire called, and they *all* believed Burr guilty. Many of them seemed to think hanging too good for him. Four jurors were accepted from this first lot, and a second forty-eight called about equally unanimous against the prisoner. Finally twelve were secured, but fourteen days had been consumed in the operation, and it was August 17th before the charge of the prosecution was read and witnesses began to be called.

The charge was explicit and picturesque. It affirmed that Aaron Burr, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the devil, had assembled a great multitude of armed men on Blennerhassett's Island in the Ohio River, with the purpose of descending the Mississippi and taking possession of New Orleans by force.

From the start it was evident that much

of the testimony the Government had been depending upon was, under the ruling of the chief justice, irrelevant. For instance, General Eaton, who was, after Wilkinson, their chief dependence, was able to give no testimony to show that any act of treason had been committed. His story showed that Burr had indulged in the most extravagant schemes, any one of them treasonable if carried out, and that he had used all his persuasion to secure Eaton's aid, but it proved nothing more than intention. Indeed, of all the 140 witnesses whom the Government had assembled, there were only about half a dozen who could testify to an overt act on Blennerhassett's Island, and the sum of their testimony was so meager as to be ludicrous when compared with the gravity of the charge and the alarm into which the Administration had thrown the country. It showed that Burr had been on the island in the early fall of 1806, and that while there he had ordered at Marietta some fifteen boats ten by fifty feet in size, and that ten of these had been built and paid for. At the same time he had bought 100 barrels of pork to stock them with. He had left the island then, and had not returned. But though he was absent, Mr. and Mrs. Blennerhassett were shown to have been very active in preparing for an expedition, which they said they were going to undertake in company with Colonel Burr. When narrowed down to facts, these preparations of theirs were not formidable. They seem to have consisted chiefly in drying corn. A Lancaster Dutchman, who was hired to build a kiln, testified that Mrs. Blennerhassett told him that they were laying in provisions enough for an army for a year. All that the witness did toward this was to work four weeks in carrying corn to the mill to be ground after it was dry. Mr. Blennerhasset urged this Dutchman to join the expedition, explaining that they were going to settle a new country.

There was testimony to show that perhaps thirty men gathered on the island in November; but though provisions were collected, nobody ever saw any bayonets or powder, or any bullets, beyond what was customary at a time when every man carried some sort of weapon. These thirty men, with small supplies, left the island hastily one night early in December in four boats. Blennerhassett's gardener, who described their precipitate departure, said they left so suddenly because the people had got it into their heads that Colonel Burr wanted to divide the Union. And this was all that had happened on Blennerhassett's Island, according to the witnesses of the Government.

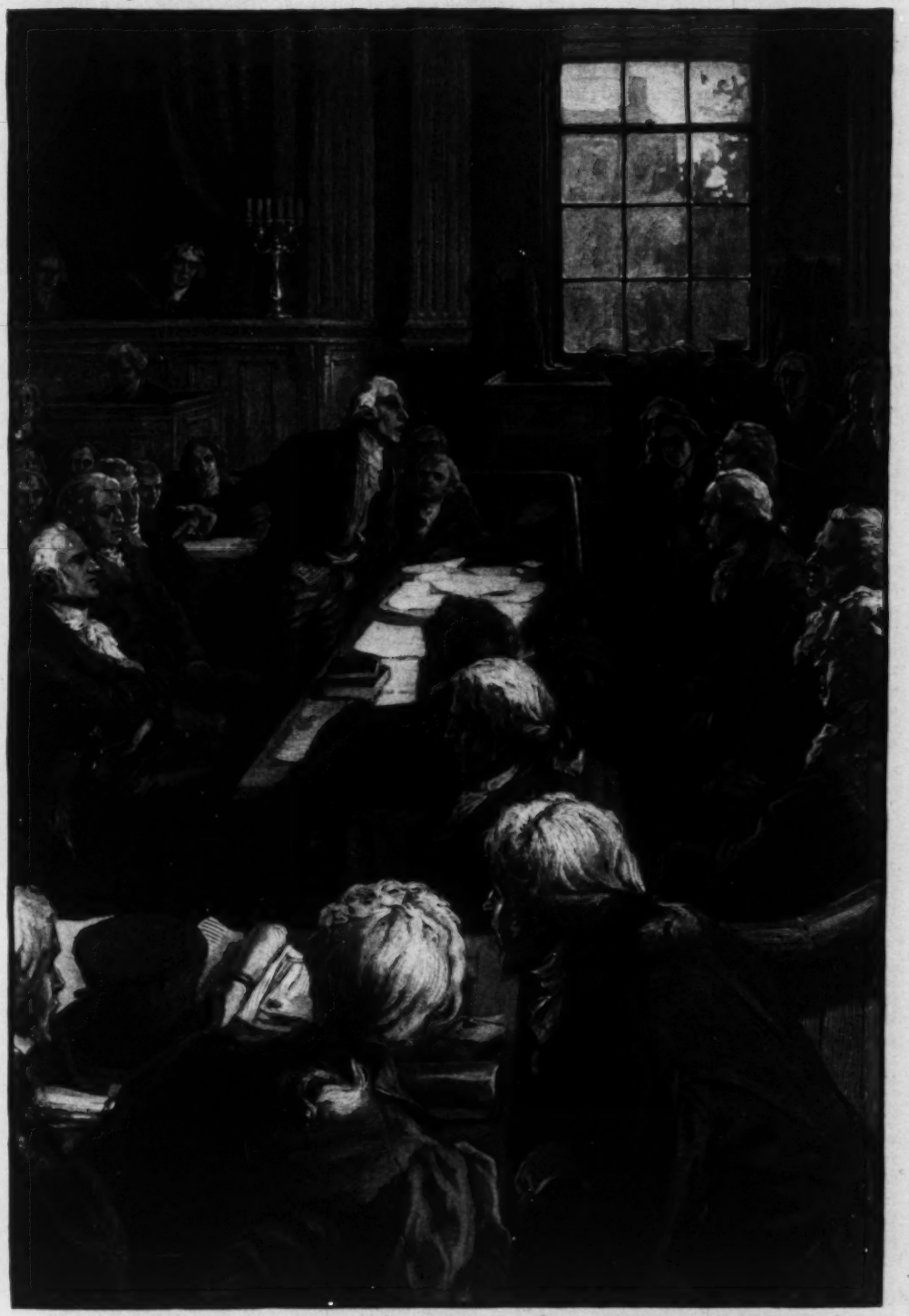
As the testimony which was now introduced referred to Burr's acts outside of the island, he promptly held up the prosecution. The defense which he and his counsel had been preparing so carefully throughout the summer now developed in full. Its most vital point was that the Government could not legally introduce any further testimony as to his *intentions* until they had proved his *acts* treasonable. As to the acts on Blennerhasset Island already proved, why, they amounted to nothing any way. It was absurd to call that little assemblage a "multitude," or to suppose that it intended to take New Orleans. Its real purpose was perfectly legitimate, Burr contended. The men were a portion of a colony which he and Blennerhassett were about to settle on lands which they had bought on the Wachita River. Colonization, not war, was what they were about. And granting that the assemblage looked suspicious, Burr could not be held responsible, since he had been 200 miles away when it was gathering. Besides, the men who started out from Blennerhassett's were there not by Burr's invitation, but upon that of the owner of the island. It was Blennerhassett who had sheltered them, Blennerhassett who had ground the corn. How, then, could Burr be held as the principal in the affair?

It was on the first point of this defense that the struggle between counsel came. For ten days an argument, perhaps the most splendid for legal learning in the history of our courts, went on. It was enlivened by at least one burst of passionate eloquence; the speech of William Wirt, familiar to every American schoolboy, in which Burr and Blennerhasset are contrasted:

"Let us put the case between Burr and Blennerhassett. Let us compare the two men and settle this question of precedence between them. It may save a good deal of troublesome ceremony hereafter.

"Who Aaron Burr is, we have seen in part already. I will add, that, beginning his operations in New York, he associates with him men whose wealth is to supply the necessary funds. Possessed of the mainspring, his personal labor contrives all the machinery. Pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, ranks, and titles, and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico. To each person whom he addresses he presents the object adapted to his taste. His recruiting officers are appointed. Men are engaged throughout the continent. Civil life is indeed quiet upon its surface, but in its bosom this man has con-

Chief Justice Marshall.



Aaron Burr.

THE TRIAL OF AARON BURR.

The picture represents William Wirt delivering his famous speech, parts of which are quoted in this article.

trived to deposit the materials, which, with the slightest touch of his match, produce an explosion to shake the continent. All this, his restless ambition has contrived; and in the autumn of 1806 he goes forth for the last time to apply his match. On this occasion he meets with Blennerhassett.

"Who is Blennerhassett? A native of Ireland, a man of letters who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. His history shows that war is not the natural element of his mind. If it had been, he never would have exchanged Ireland for America. So far is an army from furnishing the society natural and proper to Mr. Blennerhassett's character, that on his arrival in America, he retired even from the population of the Atlantic States, and sought quiet and solitude in the bosom of our western forests. But he carried with him taste and science, and wealth; and lo, the desert smiled! Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. . . .

"Yet this unfortunate man thus deluded from his interest and his happiness, thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace, thus confounded in the toils that were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason—this man is to be called the principal offender, while *he*, by whom he was thus plunged in misery, is comparatively innocent, a mere accessory! Is this reason? Is it law? Is it humanity? Sir, neither the human heart nor the human understanding will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd! so shocking to the soul! so revolting to reason! Let Aaron Burr then not shrink from the high destination which he has courted, and having already ruined Blennerhassett in fortune, character and happiness forever, let him not attempt to finish the tragedy by thrusting that ill-fated arm between him and punishment."

It was August 29th that the lawyers ended their arguments, and two days later the chief justice read his elaborate decision, one of the ablest of his many able papers, it is generally conceded. Its conclusion ran:

"No testimony relative to the conduct or declarations of the prisoner elsewhere and subsequent to the transactions on Blennerhassett's Island can be admitted; because such testimony, being in its nature merely corroborative, and incompetent to prove the overt act in itself, is irrelevant until there be proof of the overt act by two witnesses.

"This opinion does not comprehend the proof by two witnesses that the meeting on Blennerhassett's Island was procured by the prisoner. On that point the Court for the present withholds its opinion for reasons which have been already assigned; and as it is understood from the statements made on the part of the prosecution that no such testimony exists. If there be such, let it be offered; and the Court will decide upon it.

"The Jury have now heard the opinion of the Court on the law of the case. They will apply that law to the facts, and will find a verdict of guilty or not guilty as their own consciences may direct."

Marshall's decision paralyzed the further action of the Government; the next day the district attorney threw up the case, and the jury retired to return promptly with a verdict of "not guilty."

The trial for treason was over and Burr was free, but for nearly eight weeks longer the exasperated Government kept up the fight. The great crowd of witnesses present, who had known more or less of Burr's acts in Tennessee, in Kentucky, on the Mississippi, were now one after another examined. Chief of these was General Wilkinson. His testimony was more damaging to himself than to Burr. No one could hear the general without being convinced that he had been familiar with Burr's scheme from the first, and had only revealed it to Jefferson at the end because he feared it would miscarry, and because he saw a good chance of posing as the savior of his country by betraying his friend. The contempt he inspired in all those who had to do with him in the trial was extreme. John Randolph declared he was the only man he ever saw who was "from the back to the very core a villain." In the Grand Jury there was scarcely a variance of opinion as to his being as guilty as Burr. Even Hay, the district attorney, who was conducting the case for Jefferson, wrote the President toward the end that his confidence in Wilkinson was gone. Burr was too clever not to profit fully by this suspicion of the general.

It was the end of October before the last word of the Burr trial was pronounced—it was a commitment for a new trial in Ohio—a prosecution which the Government probably never had any intention of making, but which in justice to its own dignity it felt it must order. Burr was free—no overt act of treason had been proved against him—the Administration was discomfited. And yet the feeling throughout the country that in intention Burr was a traitor was even stronger than the day when he was first brought a prisoner to Richmond. With this conviction was mingled a certain contempt because of the fiasco he had made. To have planned to seize Mexico and make himself an emperor, and to have been able to raise no more than fifty or sixty men to carry out his purposes, showed inefficiency as well as disloyalty; to have planned disunion, and to have only landed himself and a few rash admirers in jail, proved him an adventurer without the first qualities of a leader.

And in this feeling the people were undoubtedly right. Burr went west in 1805 as a soldier of fortune. "In New York I am to be disfranchised and in New Jersey hanged," he wrote Theodosia. "Having substantial objections to both, I shall not for

the present hazard either, but seek another country." He knew vast opportunities lay in the West for the man of brains and daring. There are lands to be colonized, and he goes into a huge speculation on the Wachita River. War with Spain threatens. It will open the way for filibusters to revolutionize Mexico, and he lays plans for a Mexican Empire with himself on the throne. The West is dissatisfied and talks separation. He makes it known he will head a revolution if he has the chance. We know now that in the interests of his Mexican scheme Burr plotted with the English minister, with the Spanish minister, with members of the army and navy, with the rich wherever he found them, with the young and adventurous, with creoles and French; that, even after he knew there was no hope of foreign aid—that he could expect no help from any of the men of position and influence he had tried to seduce, save from Wilkinson, in whom he believed to the end—after he saw the force and equipment he had planned to concentrate at Blennerhassett's Island a failure, after his funds were exhausted, he plunged ahead, lying to those still under his spell, pretending confidence, playing the game of an impudent adventurer to the very finish. He went free at his trial because he had accomplished none of the things which he had planned. His trial, far from proving that he was no traitor, proves that he tried to be one, but had not the patience, the discretion, the generalship to achieve it. Burr's vindication was not a proof of his innocence of treason, but of his failure to work out treason.

His punishment, like his condemnation, came from the people. It was, perhaps, the most terrible of which society is capable —contemptuous ostracism. When first at liberty, he was obliged to conceal himself in the East. He could not endure the inaction which this concealment forced on him, and after a few months of hiding he fled to Europe under an assumed name. Here he hoped to interest the cabinets of England and the Continent in his scheme for liberating Mexico. Everywhere he went his social success was amazing. His surprising intelligence, his delightful wit, his charm of manner, made him friends among the ablest men and women of every country; but his filibustering ambition was too dangerous for statesmen to encourage, and he saw his hopes fall again and again. His money gave out, and often he went without a fire. In Paris he had no overcoat all one terrible winter; and as for food, he calculated many a day whether he could afford to add a glass of cheap wine to his bread and cheese. But he was as gay and undaunted in his garret, with his last sou in his pocket, as he had been in the Richmond penitentiary, facing a trial for treason.

Burr spent four years in Europe in fruitless efforts to secure aid for his plans, and then returned to America. After a few weeks of hiding in New York, he suddenly announced himself as about to begin again the practice of the law. Although his debts were enormous, and the hostility of the community unabated, he managed to keep out of jail, and in a few months was earning large sums of money. A man who has the reputation of never losing a suit is sure of employment, even from those who might refuse to take his hand in a drawing-room. For twenty-four years Burr lived a busy, cheerful life in New York. He was not without influence outside of the bar, but it was exercised secretly. No public man who valued his popular reputation dared counsel with him openly, for to the day of his death Aaron Burr suffered that ostracism which the people practises when its faith in a man is shattered.

RIDDLE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: MR. HENRY BERGH.

By Clara Morris,

Author of "Life on the Stage."

"Riddle me this—and guess him if you can."
—*Dryden.*

I SUPPOSE no great effort has ever been made for the improvement of conditions, for the advancement of the human race, that has not been met with bitter opposition, ridicule, and abuse from the people at large; but when the heroic reformer with a spark of Christ-like patience says: "Forgive them, Father, they know not what they do," and holding steadily, unswervingly to his course, reaches the goal, and, though weary and exhausted, establishes firmly the new and better condition of affairs, the people are apt to accept the benefits accruing, as a mere matter of course, and give no thought to the price paid by the reformer for his success.

To-day the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is a recognized power for good throughout the land. The most prominent, the most powerful men, the most gracious and influential women are proud to serve it; while the bright-eyed, observant babies of the entire country are its eager little agents and flying messengers.

It has offices everywhere, paid officials, agents, lawyers, doctors, workmen, ambulances, shelters, machinery for rescue, and the merciful lifting and lowering of fallen beasts of burden. To-day all such work is done before approving and admiring eyes, but once it was a different story. For this society came into existence amid a very storm of disapprobation, with rumbling jeers and imprecations from the vulgar and debased, flashing with the sarcastic and malicious mockeries of the thoughtlessly indifferent. Infamous cruelty stalked rampant through the city. The brutalities familiarly witnessed on every hand were coarsening the fiber and hardening the hearts of the people, and thus lowering their spiritual standard. For so closely interwoven are the interests of man—made in God's image—and the gentle dumb creatures given to his service and his care, that cruelty and brutality to the patient beast of burden result in the debasing of the guilty man himself. Therefore this Society, in constituting itself the defense of the defenseless, truly served man as well as beast, in teaching him to control if not to conquer his savage instincts—his senseless furies.

In that splendid library, the Bible, one reads: "A grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and cast into his garden, and it grew and waxed a great tree." Yes, verily this Society has grown and waxed; it has become a great tree. One cannot imagine any storm uprooting or overturning it now. But how many of those who find rest and shelter beneath its giant branches give a thought to the man who cast the mustard-seed into his garden; who watched for the first slim lance of green thrust upward from the earth; who nursed, tended, sheltered, and defended its slow, weak growth, who cultivated it with bleeding fingers, and watered it with his tears? How many give a thought to-day to the *founder* of this Society, so thoroughly approved by all classes?

I suppose every one knows that Mr. Henry Bergh cast the mustard-seed into the garden, but how many people know anything of the personality of the man? How many know the moving cause of his great undertaking? How many, indeed! Better ask, does any one know what moved him to enter the lists as sole defender of suffering animals? I shall wait long, I fancy, for my answer, for truly the man was a riddle, so let us guess him if we can.

Somewhere about 1605 or 1607 there was born into the world, through the brain of the Spanish soldier-poet Cervantes, the famous Don Quixote, that belated knight-errant who should have lived a hundred years before, and whose grotesque tilts and ludicrous encounters, in defending the oppressed and avenging imaginary wrongs, have sent laugh-

ter ringing through palace, camp, and home alike for nearly three hundred years. Laughter that is half denied by the sympathetic moisture of the eye; for this poor, transposed knight-errant is a very grave and honorable gentleman, trusted by his friends and loved by his dependents; and the purity of his motives lends to his utter inability to see things as they really are so distinct a touch of pathos that Sancho Panza is really needed to tip the balance to the comic side.

HENRY BERGH.

Who has not seen, who cannot recall the picture of the *Don*—tall, gaunt, grave, hollow-eyed, and scant of hair, in ancient and imperfect armor, sitting astride bony Rosinante, and ready bravely to charge upon the windmill, — the humble and protesting Sancho Panza, broad as he is long, looking on from the back of the donkey, whose wisdom seems greater than that of both the men combined? Now this Don Quixote was a friend of my childhood. I used to walk at his side in fancy, and wonder quite piteously *why* he could not see what a dreadful mistake he was about to make—I being a very practical young person indeed, this dear, blundering, high-flown old Spanish gentleman of gallant spirit was a great care to me, and therefore, small woman that I was, I loved him much, and I—well, I think I care a great deal for the old *Don* yet.

One day, then, when I had been so long married that not more than two or three repetitions of my new last name were required to attract my surprised attention, my cockney parlor-maid, whose face flushed and whose tongue thickened curiously every afternoon, brought to me a card that startled me into reading aloud the name of "Mr. Henry Bergh."

"'Eavens!" cried the flushed Abigail, "I 'ope our 'Ennery hasn't done nothink to the 'osses! But 'e's an 'ard man, 's our 'Ennery, ma'am." And with a manner flatly contradicting her expressed hope, delightedly

anticipating an immediate arrest, she proceeded to "show the gentleman up."

Advancing to greet my caller, I stopped short. I held the card of Henry Bergh, but I saw the tall, gaunt form, the grave dignity of bearing, the hollow cheeks, the austere mouth, the piled-up brow—full two stories high—and the gentle eyes, sad to melancholy, of Cervantes' Don Quixote! I heard my own voice say low, "An incarnation."

He paused in his grave obeisance, sensitive as mirror to a breath, and said, inquiringly, "I remind you of some one, then?"

And, my jesting devil being ever at my elbow, I swiftly answered, "Yes, you remind me of a friend, dear and valued, a certain country gentleman from *la Mancha*."

At first he listened blankly, but at the word *la Mancha* pained recognition sprang into his eyes, and a slow, dull color crept into the hollow of his cheeks. Terrified by what I had done, I rushed on: "But you are a Don Quixote whose courage and enthusiasm are not wasted upon windmills. You have the happiness of really defending the oppressed and avenging the cruelly wronged, instead of only dreaming of it." And, absolute sincerity being easily recognized, he took my offered hand, and we were at peace.

"Ah," he said, "you take a kinder and more gracious view of my resemblance to the absurd old *Don* than do the caricaturists of our papers."

And I laughed back: "My good sir, do you really imagine the millennium has begun, that you expect a jest without malice, sarcasm without venom, the light, swift stroke of a keen rapier from the fist that only knows how to wield a bludgeon?"

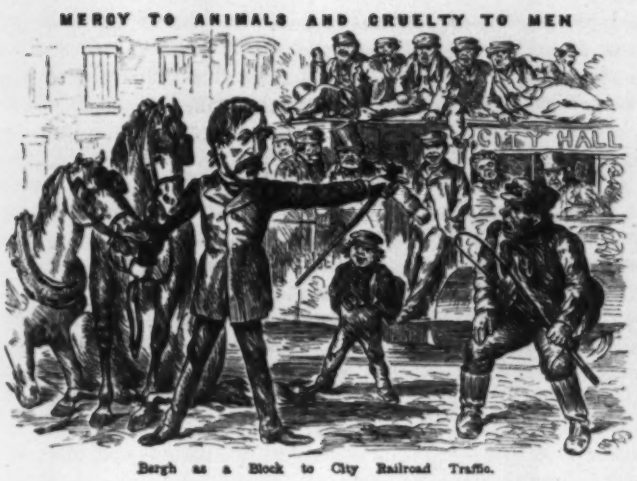
From the last word he shrank uncomfortably, saying: "He wished the 'bludgeon' of the caricaturist were the only one in active use in the city"; but when he gravely and carefully explained to me that "he was *not* a millennialist, could not, in fact, comprehend that peculiar form of belief," I understood that a sense of the ludicrous would never endanger his life through excessive laughter.

I was a hero-worshiper from away back, and to my mind this man, who was making such a fine fight for the helpless, was a hero. Therefore I was filled with a sort of reverent curiosity, and both eyes and ears were set wide open for the catching of any scrap of information anent the "why" and "how" of that fight; and behold, the first item I obtained was, that Mr. Bergh would talk of almost anything under heaven—admitting a strong preference for the theater—save and except Mr. Bergh.

That being the case, I carefully hoarded every casual remark, every stately compliment, every critical comment, every small confidence, every expressed hope of his, while my eager eyes were photographing features, poses, gestures, expressions, even half expressions. And now adding to these memories two or three anecdotes from one who knew and loved him well, I have my sole material for building up that trusted, honored, ridiculed, hated, and abused bundle of contradictions known as Henry Bergh.

To begin with, he was by birth and breeding a gentleman, and that rare creature, an exceptionally tall man who, calmly unconscious of his height, moves with natural ease. A well-dressed man, too, showing a quiet, unostentatious taste in color and ornament, but such careful attention to good fitting and the small details of costume as made him seem especially well dressed. In his manner of grave and gentle dignity he could not have been excelled by any Spanish *Don*—the most courtly of men. His voice was gentle and low; his face, Quixote's face, long, pale, often immovable as a graven image, the piled-up brow crossed by a sort of dividing line; his eyes light, clear, blue, and sad, while his brows had a trick of slowly lifting, now and then, that gave an inexpressible weariness to the face. Refined, intellectual, and cold, that was what he looked; and to myself I said, how deceptive must be the human face, for we are apt to associate self-sacrifice, generous devotion to another's welfare, with a certain warmth of heart, even of manner and expression, just as we associate a round, smiling face with good-humor, and more or less unconsciously we are given to the habit of judging others by ourselves.

Now my love for animals is a veritable passion—crank and monomaniac are terms oft heard behind my back. Not merely is my love for *my* horse or *my* dog, but for everybody's horse or anybody's dog. My heart is a sort of Noah's ark where every conceivable four-footed thing is welcome with his mate. This must be true, else why does the lost dog spy me out in even a Broadway crowd, and ask me sobbing questions as to his missing friends and future fate? Why does the shamed, mangy cur creep forth to rub himself against my best gown, when he would not dare approach within a quarter of



Bergh as a Block to City Railroad Traffic.
From the "Evening Telegram," March 10, 1871.

"A VETERINARY HEALTH COMMISSIONER."
From the "Daily Graphic," August 6, 1873

From a cartoon in the "Daily Graphic," November 14, 1877, suggesting fashions in overcoats to suit different celebrities.

THE KING OF NEW YORK.
A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.
From "Judge," February 17, 1883.

FACSIMILES OF OLD CARICATURES OF MR. BERGH.

a mile of any other woman's gown? Therefore I said, in my wisdom, how great must be the love of Mr. Bergh for animals! I pictured him as the owner of satin-coated horses, well-cared-for cattle, and with dogs galore, watching eagerly for his recognition and kind caress.

Then Mr. Bergh, making a second call, came upon me at the close of a romp with my two small canine idols. That he did not notice their extreme rarity and beauty surprised me somewhat, but when the largest —a three-pounder in weight—sprang upon the sofa, and laid a small, inquiring paw upon his knee, the man's whole body shrank away, and unmistakable repulsion showed in every feature.

Swiftly recalling that this man was striving earnestly to establish drinking places through the city for the heat-tortured dogs

of the streets, I thought, "Oh, maybe, like many other men, he simply dislikes toys." So catching the little beast up in my arms, I said, "You don't like him. Is it, then, because he is so small?"

"No, no," he nervously replied, "it's not that, not its size at all, but I—*I don't like dogs, Miss Morris!*"

Dumb with amazement, I stared a moment, then grabbed the other monster from her cushion, and carrying both to the next room, left them there, saying to myself the while, "Riddle me this, and guess him if you can." And let me say right here, that one who knew Mr. Bergh years to my days, who saw his sacrifices, saw his sufferings born in heroic defense of horses, tells me that never in his life did he see Mr. Bergh lay his hand upon a horse, in caress however slight—never saw him come to closer touch than by the taking hold of a bridle.

It is hard for the people of to-day to realize to what lengths the people of that day went in their furious opposition to the Bergh Crusade; and, strange as it may seem, the better classes were as bitterly intolerant as were the vindictive and cruel lower classes. Jeers, maledictions, threats of personal violence, of appeals to law, insults both veiled and open, he bore calmly, steadily, without outward sign of suffering or resentment; but there was another weapon turned against him, one difficult to parry, whose wound being poisoned rankles long—that weapon was ridicule.

Oh, small wonder that the poor French king cowered before the lampoon's cruel mockery; for just as trained soldiers, blood-drunk and in full fighting frenzy, will halt before the cold steel of fixed bayonets, waver and break, so will even ordinary men waver before derision. And this man, sagacious, sober, sound, was sensitive as any girl to mockery. The jibes, the jeers, the satire that made of him a laughing-stock were very hard to bear. Long after the power of the decent press was at his back in full strength, a snapping, snarling crowd of lesser publications pursued him with ribald jest and coarse lampoon, while at theaters he was often alluded to in the most farcical and grotesque way.

To show you how deeply it wounds a brave man to be made the butt of a city's ridicule, let me, with reverent hand, draw back the curtain upon the picture of the private den of Mr. Bergh, where, with head bowed upon his bent arm in boy fashion, he sheds the slow, blistering tears of disappointed manhood, strained almost to the breaking-point—almost, but not quite, thank God! for he rose to go forth to his first triumph, to win a first sign of approval from the people, who, through misunderstanding, detested him.

It was winter—the snow, generously sprinkled with sooty blacks, had suggested a city in half mourning. At some street corners the soiled, mud-stained mass had been heaped in banks. With insolent disregard of the law, salt had been lavishly used on the car-tracks. The great arteries of the city were congested—traffic was delayed by dangerous footing and narrowed roadways. The only thing that moved on at regulation speed, in perfect security, was the profanity of the veteran horse-driver, whether enthroned on truck or car.

As Mr. Bergh came from his office, he found a radiant white city, bursting into blossom with a million lights. All harsh sounds were muffled by the snow-filled air. As he passed through the small park that seemed like a fairyland of snow and fire, his heart sank low, for he knew his city well—knew it was hungry now and hurrying to its dinner, and he was sure he'd soon find what he was looking for—trouble.

Like a well-dressed, somber ghost he went striding down the snowy street, and at University Place he found the thing he had expected—a car packed inside, almost to suffocation; both platforms packed outside, with men clinging like big burrs to bottom steps and dashboard rails; and before it, within a cloud of steam, two ill-fed, bony horses, with blood-shot eyes and wide red nostrils flaring, in their effort to fill laboring lungs with air—with heaving sides and straining backs and flanks—while their madly scrambling feet struck fire from the slippery stones, as they strove in vain to start again the awful weight behind them. Curses, oft-jerked bell, and assisting yells of passengers failed of effect. The driver's whip was raised ready for the stinging blow, when suddenly the straining effort ceased, the horses' heads drooped low, and through the thick air there loomed up before them a tall, dark form, with hand upraised, commandingly. And calm and distinct, two laconic words reached all ears, "Stop! Unload!"

"Who the hell are you?" furiously demanded the driver. "And where's your authority for interfering with this trip?"

He knew well enough who he was talking to, so silently Mr. Bergh turned back the lapel of his coat to show his badge (for in

those days he had to do constabulary work as well as official), then repeated, "Unload!"

But being tired, hungry, and mad, the flood-gates gave way, and the passengers' wrath burst forth. Abuse, satirical comment, threats filled the air. To a few, who remonstrated decently with him, he expressed regret, but with grave politeness insisted on lightening the load, telling them they could see for themselves the utter inability of the horses to get them to the end of the line, and gently urged them hereafter to note the condition of crowding before taking a place on a car.

The conductor was especially ugly, and became unpleasantly demonstrative. His example worked like a leaven on the rest, and a spirit of riot began to show distinctly in the crowd closing about the tall, calm, self-possessed man. All faces scowled, evil names were tossed upon the air. He had just said, "You are yourselves increasing this delay; you might have moved two minutes and a half ago," when a scurrilous, great brute came close up to him and, with an unspeakable epithet, shook a dirty fist directly in his face. Without the flash of an eye or the quiver of a muscle in his quiet face, Mr. Bergh caught the ruffian by the shoulder, whirled him round, grabbed the seat of his breeches and the nape of his neck, and with a splendid "now all together!" sort of a swing, he fired him straight across the street, head-on, into the snowbank.

A silence of utter amazement was suddenly broken by one great swelling laugh, and then followed the always thrilling sound of three gloriously hearty American cheers. Many men shook hands with Mr. Bergh before beginning their long tramp homeward; some admitted their error in aiding the overloading.

The carmen sheepishly resumed their places and the horses started the lightened car, and the friend who had witnessed the incident here joined him, walking silently by his side, until at last in a low, moved tone, he said: "It's coming! Yes, I have faith to believe now that it is coming—the public recognition and indorsement of our efforts. Those people understood I was not interfering from mere love of meddling. Yes, I think they understood." And beneath his mustache the nervous quiver of his lips betrayed his agitation.

They understood, yes; but not what he thought they did. They understood that the man who had courage and also the physical strength to back it and make it interesting, and who could yet hold both in the leash of good breeding and self-control, was a man to listen to, and New York began to listen to him from that very night. *Toute âme rencontre en ce monde un oasis; c'était l'heure marquée pour lui!*

The same friend who walked by his side that snowy night has seen Mr. Bergh in passing through Fulton Market receive fair in the face the uncleansed lights of a slaughtered animal—flung deliberately by one of the furious butchers, the act receiving guffaws of laughter from the other butchers looking on—and Mr. Bergh wiped his face, which was immovable as a graven image, and passed on calm and cold and silent. Sometimes a visit to the chemist's shop was needed to have stains removed from his coat, but he made no remonstrance, and never used his power to arrest for malicious mischief, disorderly conduct, or for hideous profanity and vile language used in a public place. Only steadily, unflinchingly he arrested all the butchers who made the moving of living animals to the abattoir a slow progress of sickening horror and anguish. I only mention this feature of his hard struggle for the pleasure of saying that the time came when a long line of broad, extended hands awaited his taking whenever he passed the same butcher stalls, every man of whom declared that "what the old man said stood, and if it couldn't stand alone, why, they were behind it—d'ye see?"

But before that time arrived there came a dark, dark hour. The powerful press had taken up his cause—success seemed to smile into his eyes, when the money gave out. As yet no great support had come to the Society from the wealthy. Bequests were unknown, and the work he was doing required money, and a good deal of it. Shelter, food, care, medicine for the suffering creatures rescued from brutal taskmasters, had all to be paid for, to say nothing of salaries to lawyer, doctor, agents, etc. Without money the Society could not live. And then happened one of those things that we sneer at in stories for their unlikelihood. In a hospital, here in New York, a man lay near to death—a Frenchman he was, whose business had been for many years that of trapper and fur-trader. Living among and dealing with the Indians, he had seen such cruelties practised upon animals that memory was a horror to him. Either he had no family, or he had drifted away from it, for

he was quite alone in his keen watch of approaching death.

To lighten the heavy hours he looked at the pictures in magazine or paper, and noting the many so-called "comics" that Mr. Bergh was both subject and object of, he remarked one day to an attendant that "a white man with a pencil could be meaner than an Indian with a tomahawk," which led the attendant to speak of Mr. Bergh and his crusade at length to his interested listener, closing with a sigh and the remark that rumor said his work was greatly hampered by lack of funds.

A night of thought, and then a note went forth from the hospital asking if Mr. Bergh would call upon a patient there, by name M. Bonnard. Surprised, but ever courteous, he went. The sick man described the horrors he had seen, and then expressed his joy that some one had risen up to show the world that animals had some rights that demanded recognition and respect.

"You are cool and wise and determined. You will go far!" he cried.

And Mr. Bergh quite frankly answered "he could not go much farther without help."

"But," excitedly replied the trader, "I shall help you! I have not chased the dollar all these years without catching him—now and then. *Mon ami*, I am a lonely man. What is mine, is mine alone, to do with as I please, and raise outcry from no one. Only promise me that if you ever have the power to reach so far, you will extend your protection to the tormented wild things of the forest and plain, and what I have shall be at your service." And Mr. Bergh, thinking of some modest little sum from this lonely hospital patient, thanked him cordially, more for his words of appreciation and encouragement than for the possible future gift, which would probably come too late to be of much service to the Society, and went his worried, anxious way.

A few days passed, then, dazed and dazzled, he sat staring at a scrap of paper that held the trader's gift to him. M. Bonnard was dead, but he had kept his word, and had helped the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to the extent of nearly $115,000, or every cent he owned—a noble gift to a noble cause, with a touch of poetic justice about it, for from animals it came and to animals it returned.

Since that first saving bequest, many have honored themselves in honoring the claims of the dumb and helpless creatures left to man's mercy; and when one thinks that in New York alone in *one single year* nearly 4,000 animals were suspended from labor and cared for, 552 disabled horses removed from the stony streets in ambulances, and 98,000 animals of all kinds, small and large, were humanely destroyed, while 56,000 cases were investigated, and 510 prosecutions were made, one begins to understand how vast is the labor of the Society and how great the need for help.

Mr. Bergh's sense of the ludicrous was conspicuous by its absence. If you have to dissect a joke to explain it, it is apt to bleed to death in the operation, and dead things are never funny. I never saw Mr. Bergh recognize a joke, and he was too honest to pretend to see the point he was blind to; but after careful search I have found a man who will swear that Mr. Bergh did see a joke once, one directed against himself, and malicious though it was, he laughed right heartily.

A certain driver working for a wholesale firm in Vesey Street gave much trouble by extravagantly overloading his horse. At last, finding himself so persistently watched, he began to behave better, and the *espionage* was lightened, when lo, Mr. Bergh coming down town met this man with a load of boxes so high that heads were turning all along the line of pedestrians to stare at it. Instantly the long arm was raised and the familiar "Stop! You're overloaded!" was heard.

"Why do you take advantage of my supposed absence to pile such a weight as that behind a horse?" asked Mr. Bergh sternly.

"It *ain't* too much for him!" growled the driver.

"Not too much?" cried Mr. Bergh. "Why, that load is almost two stories high! Lighten it at once!" And somewhat to his surprise, without the usual blasphemous offers to fight before yielding, the man turned slowly, the boxes swaying dangerously at their giddy height, and, with the following crowd, drew up in front of the firm's building. Now, had Mr. Bergh been a closely observant man, he would have suspected such ready obedience, and would, too, have noted the malicious sparkle in the fellow's eye and the pucker of his tobacco-stained lips, but he noted nothing save the frightful height of the load. So the crowd looking on, hoping for a scrimmage, saw the man drop the restraining ropes and remove box after box. He paused, but Mr. Bergh, after a critical walk about the outfit, motioned him to go on and still further lessen the

load. With a grin the man obeyed. The sidewalk was nearly covered with piled-up great cases, when Mr. Bergh called a halt, saying, "That will do; the horse can move that load with safety."

"He can that," replied the grinning driver. "He can move it widout strainin' hissel' inside or out, for every dom box is impty!"

Every soul in the crowd broke into laughter. As the Irishman climbed to his place, the guardian of animals looked at the empty boxes and then at the sturdy horse, saw the joke, and joined right heartily in the laugh against himself.

But he that laughs last laughs best, and the fun was not yet over; for Mr. Irishman, gathering up his reins, gave his cluck and loud "Git-up there!" all in vain. The horse turned his head, and giving Mr. Bergh one long, steady look, switched his tail, and stood stock still. The refusal to move that trifling load was utterly ludicrous, and some one yelled, "Look at de horse standin' in wid Bergh!" while another shouted, "Well, what kind of a beast would he be if he didn't lie to back up a friend?" and amid peals of laughter Mr. Bergh himself took the animal's bridle and gave him a lead to start him, while the driver was pelted with hoots and jests till clear out of sight.

But it was in a certain incident occurring on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street one morning that Mr. Bergh's conduct was the most like the conduct of the gentle and dignified *Don* from *la Mancha*, whom he so resembled in face and figure. Gloved, caned, perfectly gotten up, with flowering buttonhole and all, he was walking briskly to his office, when from behind him he heard such frantic *mooing* from a cow as told plainly of suffering and wild excitement, and now and again the weaker sound of the half bleat, half bawl of a very young calf.

He stopped, faced about, and saw a thick-set, sturdy man who, with the aid of a rope, resounding blows, and many oaths, dragged a struggling, protesting cow down the avenue, while, hunger-crazed and thirsty, a weak-kneed little calf stumbled along trying to keep up with the frantic mother. Nor was the cow's misery merely maternal excitement—she was suffering cruelly. She was fevered, overweighted, her bag and udder so swollen, so distended that the milk dripped and trickled to the pavement as she moved, a condition, according to those who understand cattle, of excruciating pain. Hence Mr. Bergh to the rescue.

He halted the man and asked "Why he did not allow the cow relief?"

The man glowered stupidly, then sullenly repeated, "Relafe? Relafe? Relafe from what? I've druv' no finer cow thin that these five year!"

"You know she suffers," went on Mr. Bergh, "and so does that calf—it's weak with hunger."

The sulky drover was all the time keeping the small creature away from the tempting milk. "Hungry, is it?" he grunted. "Well, what of it? Sure, its nothin' but a calf—it's no good!"

"Well, the cow's some good, isn't she?" went on the interfering gentleman. "Why don't you ease her pain? Just look at those dripping udders! It's shameful. Let the calf go to her!"

But fairly dancing with rage the man refused, crying out that that condition would bring him a better bargain in selling the animal. Then Mr. Bergh declared officially, "This calf is going to—to—" Perhaps he did not know the technical term, or perhaps its sound was offensive—at all events, what he said was, "This calf is going to *breakfast right here and now!* Tie the cow to this hydrant! You won't? Do you wish, then, to be arrested?" and he showed his badge, and taking at the same moment the rope from the ugly, but now stupefied man, he himself led the cow to the corner and tied her with his own neatly gloved hands; and as the frantic *moos* had brought the neighbors to their windows, there were many laughing lookers-on at the unusual picture of an elegant and stately gentleman standing guard over a red cow with brass buttons on her horns, while her spotted baby calf began the milk-storage business with such reckless haste that the white fluid drizzled from either side of its soft, pink mouth, and the mother meantime, not to waste the blessed opportunity, hastily but tenderly made its toilet. And though to the human eye she licked the hairs mostly the wrong way, the two most interested seemed to be satisfied with the result.

And there the tall man stood in patient, dignified waiting, while the enraged owner, with a few sympathizing male and female compatriots, made the air blue about them—stood, until at last baby-bossy let go and faced about, when two long, contented sighs, and the calmed glances of two pairs of big soft eyes told their protector his work was done and to their complete satisfaction. Then he loosed the rope, gave it into the

owner's hand, and having in a public avenue superintended a young calf's breakfast and toilet, he calmly resumed his way, and all unrumpled entered his office, the whole thing being like a page torn from Don Quixote.

That Mr. Bergh was fond of the theater seems natural enough—it rests and amuses many busy men; but it did not seem so natural that a man of such marked executive ability, of such courage, tenacity, and endurance, should burn with an ambition to write plays. Nevertheless, that was the dear desire of his heart, and in spite of his cold reserve and stately dignity he was willing—nay, eager—to sit as pupil at the knee of any earnest actress who would listen to his hopes and look at his work. For, much against my will, I must admit that the plays produced by that zealous and sincere student of the drama might well have been the lucubrations of a clever girl of sixteen years. For, believe me if you can, their one and only motive was ever—*love*. They were five-act raptures—not of strong, moving passion, mind you, but of mere sentiment. A dramatization of "The Children of the Abbey" would have been strong and turbulent by the side of any one of those plays I read.

And that was the work of the man who had faced a nation's ridicule, had bent the legislature to his will, and was educating a people to serve God and themselves by granting mercy to the dumbly suffering creatures about them.

Though my knowledge of Mr. Bergh came only from what I call a "parlor friendship," which, no matter how long, never equals a "working friendship," yet it must be remembered that I was studying him from the first with one object in view, to learn why he undertook the labor of his life. And I learned just what everybody else had learned: that the unspeakable cruelty of a Russian driver in a St. Petersburg street had first aroused his resentment. The *gendarme* had refused to arrest the brutal fellow. A crowd had threatened Mr. Bergh, and he had barely escaped maltreatment. Next day—he was Secretary of Legation there—he had donned some court dress and ribbons and orders, and going alone, back to the dangerous quarter, had picked out his man, who, grovelling at the display of supposed official power, was arrested and taken before the proper authorities. This opera-bouffe incident amused him not at all, and his description of the sickening brutality was given in the cold, even, undisturbed voice of disapproving justice.

And there I was—and here I am.

I have inquired from those who worked at his side, of those who to-day splendidly head the now powerful Society, and they know no more of that mysterious "why" than I do.

He was a cool, calm man. He did not love horses; he disliked dogs. Affection, then, was not the moving cause. He was a healthy, clean-living man, whose perfect self-control showed steady nerves that did not shrink sickeningly from sights of physical pain; therefore he was not moved by self-pity or hysterical sympathy. One can only conclude that he was born for his work. He was meant to be the Moses of the domestic animal, meant to receive the "table of the law" for their protection, and to coax, drive, or teach the people to respect and obey those laws.

How else can you explain that large, calm, impersonal sort of justice, that far-seeing pity that was not confined to the sufferers of the city's streets, but sent forth agents to protect the tormented mules and horses of the tow-path; to search out the ignorant cruelties of the rustic, whose neglect of stock caused animal martyrdom—the incredible horrors of stabling in cellars and roofless shanties. Good God! the hair rises at the thought of the flood of anguish that man tried to stem and stop.

No warm, loving, tender, nervous nature could have borne to face it for an hour, and he faced and fought it for a lifetime. His coldness was his armor, and its protection was sorely needed.

"A grain of mustard-seed, which a man took and cast into his garden." How glad I am that God let this man see the tree waxing and growing from the mustard-seed of his casting ere he departed and left his great work to others. And happy has Mr. Bergh been in having his work carried forward by brave and loyal men, who while loving and honoring his memory yet do this labor for its own sake.

Leaving bequests and giving great gifts, like automobiling, are the joys of the rich. I am a bread-winner only, but if I were a rich woman, how swiftly would I benefit this Society, whose work is so great, so far-reaching, and so continually needed. I would do it for pity's sake, for the beasts God has left dumb, and for sweet friendship's sake for Don Quixote II.—Mr. Henry Bergh. And, after all, I end as I began, "Riddle me this—and guess him if you can," for I confess I cannot.

NEXT TO THE GROUND

STORIES AND SCENES OF FARM LIFE

BY MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

THE COW

WHITE OAKS cattle never ran out, except in the early spring. Trampling ruins the thickest and best established sward, if the ground underneath is like a wet sponge. It is a waste, withal dangerous, to graze clover until the early heads are well in blossom.

Cattle, like sheep—like all the ruminants, in fact—have no teeth in the front of the upper jaw. They crop and browse by pressing grass and buds against their sharp, cutting lower teeth with the upper lip and the tongue. The cropping is then rolled into morsels—cuds—and swallowed without chewing. The cuds go down into an outer stomach, whence they are raised to be chewed at leisure. Clover too young, too damp, or too greedily swallowed is apt to ferment, and produce bloating. Then the poor beast swells violently, falls, rolls, gets up again, lows, staggers, falls, and dies unless help comes, and quickly. If the bloating is discovered in time, it may be checked by running the beasts hard until they are ready to drop. Drenches sometimes avail, but the sure, if painful, remedy is the trocar—a sharp, spike-like knife with which to pierce the animal's side just back of the right fore shoulder. It must go deep enough to cut the outer stomach, yet leave the inner one intact; further, it must be so skillfully directed that it will miss a vital part. Major Baker thought prevention much better than such cure, so his cattle ranged for six weeks up and down the creek valley, getting their fill of tender, watery green things which could not possibly do them harm.

Cattle browse by nature and graze by opportunity. A richly budded thicket tempts them more than the tenderest sweet grass. They nip off not only buds, but lengths of slender stem as well. When the buds grow to young shoots, the tongue comes into play. Long, flexible, muscular, and viscid, it can draw into her

mouth herbage beyond reach of the mouth itself.

Shrubs abounded in the creek valley, so did grassy banks, and flats set thick with May apples. These the cattle nipped, if they came upon them just as the leaves were pushing through, folded like fairy umbrellas of shot silk, green and crimson. If the umbrellas escaped, to unfold as flat, round-notched, pale green leaves, with waxen apple-scented blossoms set singly upon the stalks underneath, the beasts did no more than trample them down. It was the same with the paw-paw thickets: budded tips were greedily snatched, although they came out later than the most. But after the curious blackish-red blooms opened, such tips as remained were safe against browsing. Paw-paw blossoms, like those of the May apple, breathe an odor reminiscent of the ripe fruit, which possibly is not to the ruminant mind and nostrils.

There was an old field or two along the creek. The bottoms were mostly still in cultivation, but some upland stretches lay out, and were swarded over with blue grass, battling for root-hold against the ever-present sedge. It was not so unequal a battle as it looked, for the blue grass had stay to match the best thoroughbred that ever grazed on it. Moreover, it throve under trampling, as sedge could not do. Between them they managed to make the old fields the assembly place of cattle for miles and miles about.

One of the old fields had big, gnarled apple trees dotted over half of it. They stood, some of them, four-square, and all of them in such manner that you could see they were the remnant of orchard rows. They did not bear much fruit, and what did form was sour and apt to mildew; but for all that, they bloomed royally as certain as the spring came round. They had wide-spread, drooping branches, marked all along the under edge, as high as cattle could reach, with dead twigs, killed by continuous cropping. Above that the round heads were half-globes of netted stems and leaves, so thick no sun-ray pierced through even at the hottest high noon. Cattle came to lie in the shade, chewing the cud contentedly, and flicking away chance flies with lazy flourishes of the tail tip. There was a path from the creek to almost every tree. Cattle, indeed, are as great path-makers as hogs or ants. They walk in single file, one treading almost upon the heels of the other. In every herd, however small, there is a queen. Commonly it is the bell cow. In the old field there was, of course, disputed supremacy. Three bell cows sometimes chewed the cud of peace in the shade of a single tree. More commonly there was a bell cow to a tree, monarch of all she surveyed within its circle of shadow.

Sometimes, when grazing was lush and extra plenty, the home-going began about four o'clock. Oftener sundown was the starting hour. For a while the going was slow—slow enough to nip grass and swinging bushes in passing. But as dusk thickened, the leader was apt to break into a furious run, which set her bell wildly jingling, and brought the herd after her at speed, lowing, and crowding upon one another. Then the black milkmaids, waiting in the cow-pens, nodded as they heard the bell jangling, and said to the calf-minders: "Ah ha! Old Sis Bell Cow comin' home a-gilpin! Reckon she sees ha'nts out dar in de woods."

In the farmlands a calf's weaning age is indefinite—it runs from six months to two years. At each milking the calves are

suckled. If there are cows a plenty, a young calf gets two teats—that is, all the milk in them, besides sucking the other two until the froth ropes from his mouth. Let alone, he will hang on to the first teat seized until milk no longer flows freely into his mouth, then change to the others one after another, and at last go back to the first, sucking it till it looks like a dry, wrinkled whiffet, then hunching vigorously to make the last drops of cream come down. Cows can and do hold up their milk. To do it they stand with the backbones slightly arched, the feet braced and square under them, instead of spread out behind and before. In the udder, as in the pail, cream always rises to the top. As fast as the milk is secreted, specific gravity begins to work, setting the fats of it above the watery parts. This is the reason close stripping is so essential to big butter yields. It is also the reason that as the calves get old enough to eat grass they are suckled all round—that is to say, have their mouths pulled quickly from teat to teat, so as to draw away the low milk, and leave the cream for the pail.

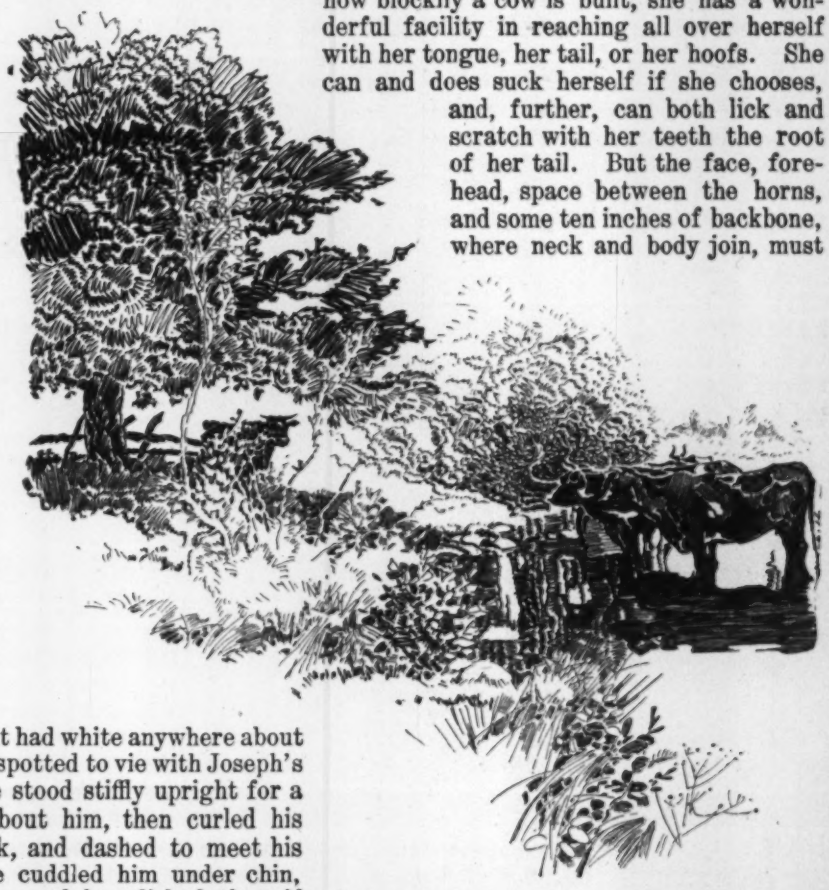
Sis Cow does not stomach this robbery of her calf. She knows intuitively how much more nourishing and heartening is her cream than mere milk. So when milking proper begins, at first she gives down freely enough, then all at once the flow checks. Milk as she may, the milker gets but a faint white frothy trickle. Then it is strategy meets strategy. The calf, which has been pulled off and either roped or turned outside the cow-pen, is fetched back and allowed to suck a bit. Sis Cow spreads her feet, most content, and licks her baby, seeming to thrill happily at his vigorous hunchings. In a twinkle he is dragged off, and there is the milker, quart cup in hand, intent to fill it with the precious strippings and save them for her churn. Plain milk, she holds, is plenty rich enough for drinking, either by children or calves.

There were thickets round about the old field of the apple trees and skirting woods beyond that made it a favorite place for cows to drop and hide their calves. They stole away from the herd, to some sequestered spot,

were invisible for twenty-four hours, then came pacing back to graze with the rest. Since wild hogs sometimes came into the woods, it was the part of wisdom to hunt the calves and bring them home as soon as possible. Joe and Patsy nearly always went with black Mammy upon such expeditions. This calf hunting was done afoot, with Watch for guide, philosopher, and friend. Watch could easily have smelled out the little hidden beast, but there was no need for it. The minute the cow caught sight of the big dog, she charged down upon him with lowered horn and angry puffs of breath. If she had mooed a low, peculiar moo, every hoof and horn within hearing would have come to her help. If Watch had been alone, she would have sounded this

rallying-call. Human company changed his presence from a menace to an irritation. Watch met the charge by dropping behind Joe, not slinking, but simply effacing himself until there was need of action. Black Mammy soothed the cow, and, while the beast ate, tried to get her hand upon the swollen udder. With cows broken to the pail, that was easy. Heifers just coming in backed away from her, sometimes with brandished horns. Then there was nothing for it but to find the calf and drive it home with the mother. Unless a cow, especially a young cow, is milked clean soon after calving, the milk will clot, cake, set up fevers, and spoil the udder.

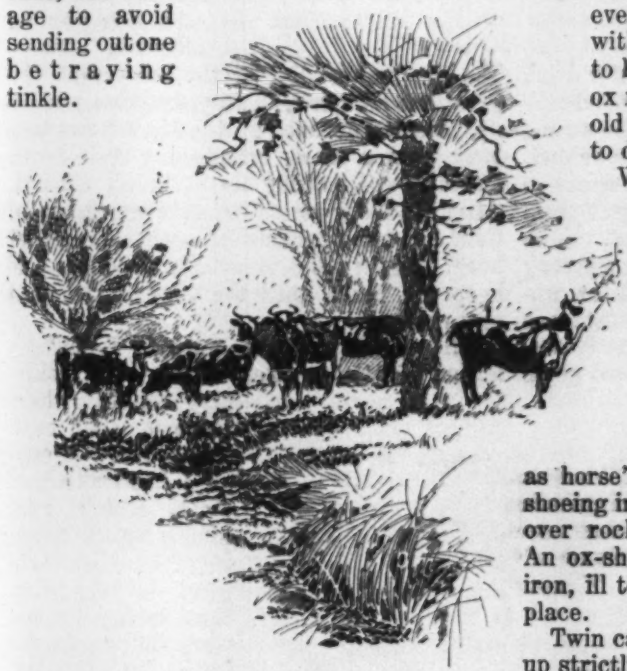
Mammy went on with her gang toward the likeliest thickets, looking over her shoulder as she walked, and changing her course until she saw the cow begin to run after. Then she kept straight ahead, and set Watch to sniffing at leaves and brush. Instantly the cow began to run, lowing as she ran. And then out from some brush, clump, or tuft of sedge there started a calf, a saucy fellow, bright-eyed, with a rich velvety coat, dazzling white, if it had white anywhere about it, royally red, or spotted to vie with Joseph's coat of old. He stood stiffly upright for a breath, staring about him, then curled his tail over his back, and dashed to meet his dam, who at once cuddled him under chin, lowered her horns, and brandished them if Watch so much as looked at her; but, after the dog was ordered home, suffered herself to be driven slowly to the pen, with her baby trotting at her side.



White Oaks cows were milked regularly, and stripped very clean from the day they came in; but until the calves were a month old the pigs got the milk. The calves, of course, were allowed to suck and suck—the trouble was, their small bodies could not hold four gallons at a time. Though they were suckled three times a day if the cows came home at noon, they always set up a great bawling and bleating at night, and ran with lifted tails down the fence the minute they heard the first faint low of their homing dams.

Cows do not forget their big children in the delight of loving and licking their little ones. Even after the big ones have calves of their own, the milky mothers moo recognition, and lick the daughters all over. That is, however, a service any cow will perform for a herd comrade with whom she keeps terms of amity and comity. Considering how blockily a cow is built, she has a wonderful facility in reaching all over herself with her tongue, her tail, or her hoofs. She can and does suck herself if she chooses, and, further, can both lick and scratch with her teeth the root of her tail. But the face, forehead, space between the horns, and some ten inches of backbone, where neck and body join, must go unlicked unless a helping friendly tongue is available. When shedding their coats in the spring they scratch themselves against any handy upright tree, fence-post, house corner, what not. At shedding time, and, indeed, all through the summer, all sorts of cattle love to find a dry, bare spot, either sandy or dusty, and paw up the light earth all over themselves, bellowing faintly as they do it.

August, with its clouds of winged, stinging blood-suckers, sends cattle to the refuge of deep, still pools, or deeper, stiller thickets. There they stand all day, hurrying out to feed at night, or rather early dawn, when the chill of the dew keeps flies and mosquitoes inert. Milk cows running upon rich, fresh pasture fall back so much in milk, it is the part of wisdom to stable and feed them. A perfectly dark stable protects from flies. Notwithstanding, cattle do not love it. Beyond all other domestic animals they keep the tang of primal savagery, in spite of having been for so long intimately dominated by human kind. In hot weather they hate to be penned at night, and are wily enough to hide themselves toward sundown, and stand perfectly still in the thickets or high weeds until the cattle driver has passed them by. Bell cows have a hard time, but manage to avoid sending out one betraying tinkle.



Most times cattle go to the same place to sleep, and choose for it the highest ground available, unless it is wholly unsheltered. Cattle turned into a strange pasture run about it, snuffing eagerly, as though intent upon finding out if it has held other cattle. Almost invariably the new herd sleeps in the same place the old one did—that is, supposing it is an established cattle run. A single cow in milk, or with a sucking calf at her side, can lead and dominate a whole herd of beef cattle. At sight of a dog, stirred perhaps by remote memories of the days when there were wolves, cattle charge down upon him in mass. Unless he gets out of their way, they will roll and trample him to death, then gore the carcass, drooling and bellowing. Blood scent, especially the blood of their own kind, sets them crazy. Even to cross the trail of a fresh hide dragged through their feeding ground makes them prance, bellow, and make leaping plunges, lowering the head, and brandishing the horns as they come down. Bulls, curiously enough, are not so fierce over scenting blood as cows.

Oxen well broken are driven without reins. They go to right or left, turn, back, hold back, or pull, according to the driver's word and the cracking and tickling of his keen black-snake whip. Ox-goads are unknown in the grass country of Tennessee, though they are in scattered use in the mountains.

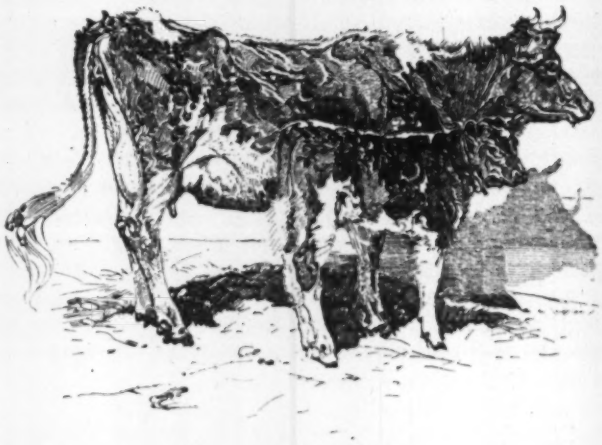
Oxen are slow but mighty, good for every use that requires steady power without speed. Literally, they learn to bear the yoke in their youth. An ox running unbroken until three years old would be ill to handle and worse to drive.

Well-matched oxen working for years in the same yoke grow pathetically fond of each other. They feed side by side at grass, lie down and rise up together, low disconsolately if by chance one gets out of sight, and if forcibly separated, sometimes breach the stoutest fences to reach one another. Ox feet wear to the quick—not so easily as horse's feet do—but still so as to make shoeing imperative if they needs must travel over rocks either to the wagon or plow. An ox-shoe is a queer-looking split plate of iron, ill to make fast, not so easily kept in place.

Twin calves, both of the same sex, grow up strictly normal; but a heifer calf twin to a bull calf will not make a cow. She is called a free-martin, and never breeds, though sometimes she gives milk. More generally she makes a fine, free-footed plow-beast, quicker, and lighter-stepping than an ox. A yoke of free-martins, indeed, though such a thing is hard to come by, are worth almost as much in the making of a crop as a span of slow mules.

A cow has her likes and dislikes among bipeds and quadrupeds—standing, the very pattern of bovine content, to be milked by one hand, snorting and kicking the minute

another hand is laid upon her udder. Dogs in general she hates. Shepherd dogs she tolerates, because she knows they mean no harm; besides, they are so persistent there is no use in trying to escape them. Among grazing beasts she has a certain awed admiration for horses, an amused contempt for mules, toleration of a sort for hogs, and bitter hate for sheep.



Cattle, indeed, will not graze where sheep have fouled and nipped the pastures, nor drink where the wooly gentry have soiled the water. This is partly because of the strong odor—an ill odor—that sheep leave behind, partly also from the fact that sheep graze so close even a rabbit cannot nibble after them until they have been three days away. Cows have an odor of their own, nearly as strong as the sheep smell, and pleasant or unpleasant largely according to circumstances and state of mind. The breath of cattle running where there is much sweet vernal grass is really fragrant, very unlike their breath when grazing red clover or feeding down stubble of aftermath.

A prodigal son or daughter—otherwise a stray—is not received by the herd when he comes home as becomes a fatted calf. Instead, he is hustled and tussled mightily, forced to his knees, beaten with many horn-stripes before he establishes himself upon even a footing of toleration. Even more curious is the way herd cattle fight among themselves when turned from a wonted pasture eaten bare into one full of fat pickings. The plenteous prospect seems to go to their heads. At first they run all about, bleating and bawling like so many hungry calves. They snatch mouthfuls between bawls, then all at once set to, locking horns in twos and threes, butting, pummeling, overthrowing, rolling the overthrown along so violently they seem in danger of broken bones. The smaller and lighter the contestant, the greater is his spirit. Two-year-olds scramble up, bleating defiance at the big fellows who have downed them, brandishing their horns martially and pawing up earth all around. After an hour or so, when every horn of them has tried conclusions with every other horn, they settle to steady feeding, and keep the peace until the time of the next new pasture.

All animals play the game of follow my leader. Cattle are no exception. At the shipping points, where there is much business, every stockyard has its trained steer, which runs nimbly up the gangway from the stockpens to the car, thus luring its unwary fellows to the beginning of doom. One such beast out West was said to have placed a half million fat steers aboard the trains. Since after it all his end was beef, there may be, after a fashion, something of even-handed justice yet remaining in the world.

CONAN DOYLE'S WORK OF LOVE.

By Julian Ralph.

[The following article is a concise summary of Conan Doyle's recently published tract in defense of Great Britain and the Boer War, by far the most thorough, elaborate, and important statement of the British case yet printed; and a great labor of love, inasmuch as the writer is to take not one penny of profit from its publication.—The Editor.]

FOR various reasons Great Britain, in the Transvaal War, has been obliged to fight two forces—the Boers and a generally critical, largely hostile, public opinion. This extraordinary state of affairs is due, first, to England's unpopularity, which springs largely from her size, power, and wealth; second, to the fact that she is fighting two small republics which are (nominally) weak in fighting strength; and, third, to the development of the telegraph, the mail service, and the press. Under present conditions we could not fight our Civil War over again, as it was fought, without arousing scandal that would make the world ring. Sherman's march to the sea or the horrors of Libby and Andersonville prisons would have provided all the idle, sentimental, and mischievous tongues in Christendom with bitter gossip and blame. Were the Franco-Prussian War to be duplicated to-day, with a press correspondent in every village, and thousands of the soldiers writing to their home newspapers, only think how busy the pulpits, the newspapers, and the halls of the politicians of the world would be kept in recording and denouncing the big and little incidents of the campaign!

Warfare is an earnest, bloody, cruel business at best, and there is some ground beneath those who insist that under present conditions a long-continued war in the thick of one of the wholly civilized continents could not be maintained. It could not be, it is argued, because the force of kindly sentiment and general public opinion would compel interference by the powers looking on.

Of the two forces Great Britain is opposing, one is met by her army, the other by her statesmen and private defenders. A chief among these latter persons is Dr. Conan Doyle. All of us who went into the war in South Africa have done our best to clear away the fog of lies, errors, and misinterpretations which has hung between the field of war and of the world. Yet we have almost been obliged to wear armor and carry a gun in order to do our duty, and to some of us the abuse and slanders of the ignorant have grown tiresome. It is not so with the creator of "Sherlock Holmes." He springs back into the arena with books, with after-dinner speeches, with letters to the newspapers, as heartily and as cheerily this month as when I met him on his return from the "front" eighteen months ago.

Dr. Doyle has investigated the accusations against the British as fast as they have been made. He has, to a very great extent, relied upon Boer testimony to correct Boer and pro-Boer falsehood, and where Boer proofs were not obtainable, he has given us the written and signed word of clergymen and army officers. He has worked very hard, and has produced a large book. Moreover, though he lives by his pen, he has offered the results of this great task freely to the world, taking not one penny, though he has spent a great deal of money upon it, and asking that the public be obliged to pay to the publishers only what the book has cost them. He surely, therefore, asks but little when he bids for our respectful attention to his findings in the great *cause célèbre* of Briton *versus* Boer.

Dr. Doyle begins his review of the cause and conduct of the war with a running history of the Dutch in South Africa, and brings out very clearly two salient points. The first is that the seat of the Boers and the Boers themselves were subject to England by two rights, the right of conquest and the right of purchase. Secondly, Dr. Doyle shows how turbulent and troublesome the Boers have ever proved; independent of control, detached from Europe, revolting even against the mild sway of the Dutch East India Company, and fighting among themselves when there was no one else to quarrel with.

"The title-deeds to the estate are, as I have said, good ones," says Dr. Doyle, "but there is one singular and ominous flaw in their provisions. The ocean has marked three boundaries to it, but the fourth is undefined. There is no word of the 'hinterland.'" Did England own the region northward, or were the Dutch free to pass

onwards and found fresh nations to bar the path of the Anglo-Celtic colonists? In that question lay the germ of all the trouble to come.

Bringing this sweep of the historian's eye farther down the stream of time, Dr. Doyle comes to the discovery of gold in the Transvaal—gold of the value of $3,500,000,000, he says. It drew from all races beneath the sun miners, engineers, managers, technical experts, and the tradesmen and middlemen who live upon them. They became about as numerous as the entire Boer community, and consisted mainly of men of exceptional intelligence and energy.

"The situation was an extraordinary one. I have already attempted to bring the problem home to an American by suggesting that the Dutch of New York had trekked West, and founded an anti-American and highly unprogressive State. To carry out the analogy, we will now suppose that that State was California; that the gold of that State attracted a large inrush of American citizens; that these citizens were heavily taxed and badly used, and that they deafened Washington with their outcry about their injuries. That would be a fair parallel to the relations between the Transvaal, the Uitlanders, and the British Government.

"That these Uitlanders had very real and pressing grievances no one could possibly deny. There was not a wrong which had driven the Boer from Cape Colony which he did not now practise himself upon others—and a wrong may be excusable in 1835 which is monstrous in 1895. The primitive virtue which had characterized the farmers broke down in the face of temptation. The country Boers were little affected, but the Pretoria government became a most corrupt oligarchy, venal and incompetent to the last degree. The unfortunate Uitlander who paid nine-tenths of the taxation was fleeced at every turn, and met with laughter and taunts when he endeavored to win the franchise by which he might peaceably set right the wrongs from which he suffered. His situation was intolerable.

"But it is a poor cause," says Dr. Doyle, "which cannot bear to fairly state and honestly consider the case of its opponents. The Boers had made great efforts to establish a country of their own. After all, they were fated to see an influx of strangers into their country, who threatened to outnumber the original inhabitants. If the franchise were granted to these, there could be no doubt that it was only a question of time before the new-comers would dominate the Raad and elect their own president. Were the Boers to lose by the ballot-box the victory which they had won by their rifles? These new-comers came for gold. They got their gold. If they stayed, let them be thankful that they were tolerated at all."

However, a policy of Thibet cannot be carried out in a great country lying across the main line of industrial progress. The Boers are outnumbered in their own land by far more highly educated and progressive immigrants, yet they hold them down in a way not practised anywhere else on earth. What is their right? The right of conquest. Then they would themselves acknowledge that the same right may be justly invoked to reverse the intolerable situation. "Come on and fight! Come on!" cried a number of the Volksraad when the franchise petition of the Uitlanders was presented. "Protest! Protest! What is the good of protesting?" said Kruger. "You have not got the guns; I have." If the Boers had ignored the immigrants they might fairly have said they did not desire their presence. But even while they protested they grew rich at the Uitlander's expense. They could not have it both ways, says Dr. Doyle.

Kruger's animosity against the Uitlanders was bitter. He visited the Rand only three times in nine years. He addressed the people once as "Burghers, friends, thieves, murderers, new-comers, and others." He thought that if he granted the franchise to the Uitlanders his nation would be destroyed, and yet a wide franchise would have made his republic firm-based and permanent, for Dr. Doyle says that few Uitlanders desired to come into the British system. Desperation alone led to the Jameson Raid. Dr. Doyle takes pains to array together the facts and arguments which seem to prove that neither Joseph Chamberlain nor the Salisbury government connived at, or knew of, this absurd expedition. From that moment the Transvaal government might grow worse and worse, says one author, but the raid could be cited to justify it. "For years the raid stood in the way not only of all progress, but of all remonstrance."

Dr. Doyle pauses to remind us that Great Britain had every reason to avoid war, and no reason to desire the conquest of the Transvaal. "Whatever flag waved over the gold mines would not make the difference of one shilling to the revenue of Britain. The Transvaal as a British province would have its own legislature, its own revenue, its own

expenditure, and its own tariff against the mother country."

Dr. Doyle shows by Boer testimony that if the British did not plot conquest, the Boers certainly looked for war. They were "always wriggling to prevent a clear and precise decision," says Villiers. "The only thing we are afraid of is that Chamberlain will cheat us out of our war," said Blignant. "We have beaten England before, but it is nothing to the licking we shall give her now." "The war will be over in a fortnight," said other prominent Boers.

Dr. Doyle reviews the recent efforts of the Boers in the field to terminate the war, Paul Kruger's hostility to the project, and all else that has arisen to disprove the current belief that Britain has demanded an unconditional surrender. England's only definite declaration has been that the Boers cannot have back their independence. To this Dr. Doyle adds: "Not if the war has to continue until the last Boer is deported out of Africa." Despite Kruger's position, peace committees of burghers were sent to argue with the fighting burghers. Two were shot in cold blood, several were beaten, all were ill-used. "That," says Dr. Doyle, "is why three Boer generals—Marais, Celliers, and Cronje—are fighting on the British side. As argument with their brethren proved useless, they took arms against them. The fact goes far to dispel the stories of British barbarity.

He next takes up the farm-burning. I was present when the first Boer houses were burned. They were the headquarters of Free Staters who were continually fighting and sniping at the British on British soil. The Boers complained to Lord Roberts, and he replied in effect: "You are driving from their homes in the Queen's colonies loyal subjects who will not support your cause; you are helping yourselves freely to the cattle and other property of the British in Natal; and you have wrecked the contents of many houses. I point out, on the other hand, that farms within the actual area of the British camp at Modder River have never been entered; their houses, gardens, and crops are absolutely untouched." He then issued a proclamation forbidding the destruction or damage of public and private property in the enemies' lands. Dr. Doyle goes on to show how strictly this order was obeyed. He could not shelter his sick in empty houses without getting leave of the owners. He could not use the corrugated iron fence around the Bloemfontein cricket ground to make huts for the sick. Everywhere "Tommy Atkins" lived on foul water and bully beef in a land of plenty.

In all, 630 buildings have been destroyed. This sum includes 170 houses in certain districts which the Boers habitually used as places of rendezvous, and the village of Bothaville, which was a Boer depot. These large devastations were committed after the close of the war stage, the flight of the governments, the annexation of the two countries, and the establishment of hopeless and futile guerrilla fighting. The burning of houses ceased in 1900. A quarter of a million dollars will pay for all such damage not strictly within the license of the Hague Convention. The destruction of crops and herds continues. It is analogous to the frequent capture of British supply trains on which the British depend for food. "Guerrilla warfare cannot enjoy all its own advantages and feel none of its own defects," says Dr. Doyle.

In dealing with the concentration camps, three courses were open to the British, says Dr. Doyle: to send the women and children into the Boer lines; to leave them on the open veldt; or to gather them in camps. The Boers ceased to have any "lines," the Kaffirs would have misused the women had they been left on the veldt; the British refugees had been living in just such camps for more than a year. The condition of these homeless British from Johannesburg and elsewhere was more deplorable than that of the Boer families has been.

The defects in sanitation are on all sides declared due to the habits of the inmates; there was overcrowding at first, and it has been remedied, but to overcrowd a tent hygienically is impossible. There has been awful infant mortality, as there was among the British in Mafeking, Ladysmith, and Kimberley, but it did not come from any filth-disease. It resulted from a severe form of measles. Apart from that, the record of the camps would not attract unfavorable comment. The Boer mothers, says Dr. Doyle, with a natural instinct, preferred to cling to the children, and to make it difficult for the medical men to remove them in the first stages of the disease. The result was a rapid spread of the epidemic, which was the more fatal, as many of the sufferers were in low health, owing to the privations unavoidably endured in the journey from their own homes to the camps. Not only was the spread of the disease assisted by the mother, but in her mistaken zeal she frequently used

remedies which were as fatal as the disease. Children died of arsenical poisoning, having been covered from head to foot with green paint; and others of opium poisoning, having quack drugs which contained laudanum administered to them. "In Potchefstroom as at Irene," says Dr. Kendal Franks, "the death-rate is attributable not so much to the severity of the epidemic, as to the ignorance, perverseness, and dirty habits of the parents themselves." It is some mitigation to know that the death-rate among children is normally quite remarkably high in South Africa, and that the rate in the camps was frequently not higher than that of the towns near which the camp was situated.

Be this as it may, we cannot deny that the cause of the outbreak of measles was the collection of the women and children by us into the camps. But why were they collected into camps? Because they could not be left on the veldt. And why could they not be left on the veldt? Because we had destroyed the means of subsistence. And why had we destroyed the means of subsistence? To limit the operations of the bands of guerrillas. At the end of every tragedy we are forced back to the origin of all of them, and made to understand that the nation which obstinately perseveres in a useless guerrilla war prepares much trouble for its enemy, but absolute ruin for itself.

We have looked after our enemies far better than our friends. The Boers are compelled to be in camps, and the loyalist refugees are not. But the fact remains that the loyalists *are* in camps, through no fault of their own, and that their condition is a worse one than that of our enemies. At East London there are two refugee camps—Boer and British. The former has 350, the latter 420 inhabitants. The former are by far the better fed, clad, and housed, with a hospital, a school, and a wash-house, all of which are wanting in the British camp. At Port Elizabeth there is a Boer camp. A Dutch deputation came with £50 to expend in improving their condition, but returned without spending the money, as nothing was needed. The Boer refugees and the British are catered for by the same man at Port Elizabeth. He is allowed 15*d*. per head for the Boers per day, and 8*d*. for the British. These are the "Methods of Barbarism."

In his next two chapters he defends the British soldier upon the evidence of Boers, Americans, Frenchmen, Swiss, Belgians, an Austrian, and a Catholic nun. The behavior of the soldiery with the Boer women is the first subject inquired into. As I have said, a sifting of all the accusations leaves a single charge of sexual assault by a soldier, of another one by a person called "Mister" E——n, and a charge that a soldier used coarse language to a Boer woman. That is what a cloud of slanders comes to when investigated.

As to the story that the British used expansive bullets, I can swear that none were used by any of the 90,000 men I was with at various times, though the Boers shot them and explosive bullets into us in every fight. By the votes of Great Britain and the United States at The Hague such bullets are permissible. How a few did get into British bandoliers by accident, and were quickly discovered, you will read in Dr. Doyle's book. With regard to the complaint that the British bayonetted their foes and treated their prisoners harshly, no Boer prisoners have said that this was the fact. As to the executions of captives by the British, Dr. Doyle says there were thirty-one during last year. Four were train-wreckers, aggravated cases; one was a spy, two were murderers of natives, one a deserter who stole twenty horses from the Cape Police, and twenty-three were British subjects taken fighting against their country.

Dr. Doyle thinks that the British are open to a serious charge of inhumanity in not having taken proper precautions against train-wrecking, until as many men had been killed and injured in derailed trains as would equal the casualties of a considerable battle. The Germans carried French hostages on their trains in France, and since the British adopted the practice of carrying Boer hostages on the South African trains, not one case of derailing has occurred.

In a chapter entitled "The Other Side of the Question," Dr. Doyle has collected conclusive testimony with regard to the murdering of natives and the killing of surrendered British soldiers by the Boers. To my surprise, in his first book on the war, Dr. Doyle went out of his way to speak of this foe as brave, honorable, and gallant. In his latest "pamphlet" he recants this tribute. He now amazes me with the number and barbarity of their crimes. It is a chapter which every man who has taken sides with the Boers must read in justice to his desire to be just, and to deserve the respect of others and of himself. Well may Dr. Doyle inquire, "Are these the deeds of soldiers or of brigands? If they act as brigands, why must we forever treat them as soldiers?"

The Raging of the Sea

by Norman Duncan

ROUND about Ragged Harbor, which is a cleft in the Newfoundland upper shore, the rocks are stark naked; the ice and wind and rain and fires of unnumbered years have stripped the coast to its unsightly ribs. The untracked wilderness, of a growth scraggly and stunted, crowds the cottages to the verge of the sea; it yields sparse provision of berry and wild beast: nor will the shallow earth of the shore oases of itself produce food, but, through years, must be increased and fostered, and fed with caplin and the entrails of cod. Rock and wilderness are allied to turn the people to the gray, niggardly sea for sustenance. With a saw and an ax and a fistful of oakum the men of the place make for themselves punts, laboring in the wilderness with the strength of fat pork and flour; and in these puny craft they put forth to recover their own, the fishes of the sea, over which God gave them dominion, as the parsons teach: here, in truth, as the old song says, the fish are "lives o' men." Now, every man's punt is the work of his own hands. To her he transmits himself: she is his child—partaker in his flaws, caprices, strength, and virtues; which may be manifest in a leak or a list or a makeshift or a crank, or in stanchness, fleetness, and fine grace, as it may chance. She reflects him, her creator; hence the proverb, *Show me his punt, and I'll tell you what kind of a man he is.* She is small, finite —comprehensible: the heavy, overhanging sky, the illimitable sea and a coast veiled by distance are past understanding. So the man and the punt sound the depths of intimacy: they live the days through together, dawn to dark—wind, sleet, or sunshine; and they wear out together, if they have not in youth come to the same end.

It may be that in her under parts—in some twist of keel or bottom—Job Luff's punt was most wondrously constructed; to the casual eye, which was invariably contemptuous, she was stubby and stupidly squat: that is not to say that she had the phlegm of rotundity. With all her heaviness of outline—her loggy, sullen guise at anchor—she had an evil reputation for nerves: the bad name of a slender rake of a craft; and she was damned as a reprobate crank in three harbors for the lives that had been lost from her. The gossip of the flake and the stage, had she but understood, would have touched her true old heart to the quick. When they rallied Job Luff on her ways, he made vague allusion to a salmon's belly; so

it may be that her perversity proceeded from a crank in her keel or bottom, for Job had fashioned both in secret. So be it: she was sensitive, timorous, moody; she was willful as the wind, and full of caprice as a high-bred racing yacht. Moreover, she was a slattern: her coat of paint was bedraggled and tattered; her rigging was spliced, weather-worn, and commonly awry; her loutish spread of canvas was marvelously patched, and foul with the reek of old storms; her thole-pins were loose, her ribs warped, her foot-board cracked and scaly; and on a damp day she was intolerable even to the noses of Ragged Harbor. But these last were insignificant externals—mere old clothes: well-worn overalls and a jumper. She was a well-intentioned punt; all she demanded was a modicum of faith, and a sympathetic hand on sheet and steering oar, which is to say that she craved to be understood. She nosed her way through high seas with gusto. In the sight of Job Luff her only fault was that she was a laggard in a light wind, and he freely forgave her that.

Skipper Bill Butts observed the miraculous career of the punt for three years; then he could curb his curiosity no longer.

"Job, b'y," said he, in the twilight of one day, "haul un high an' dry, an' leave us see the bottom o' she."

"'Twere a nasty lop off the Three Poor Sisters this day," said Job, with a wag of his head.

"Hut, b'y! Haul un high an' dry. They be nar an eye t' see."

"They be a fine sign o' fish t' Round 'Arbor, they do say," said Job. He cast off from the stage in haste.

"Sure, you dunderhead, I'll trade you a quintal o' fish for a sight o' the——"

"'Tis a salmon-belly punt, skipper," Job whispered; then he made off for the bait skiff, for the horn had opportunely sounded.

It was in the image of this Job Luff that she was made: a tawny lout, frowsy, greasy, shiftless; with a queer twist to him—a glint in his eye, a fleck of red in his shifty glance. It was inevitable: in the years of her building—seven indolent winters with a rotten keel at the end—he had fashioned her of scraps in his own likeness; had he combed his beard of a Sunday morning, she would have flaunted a new sail the next day. But he had cast loose from religion when Old Dick Lute went mad of it, and was haled from the harbor and the things thereof south to St. John's; maintaining—the tawny one—that "thinkin' on things e-tarnal" was too stiff a gale for him to weather: it would capsize any man in the end; and as for him, he did not propose to try out his reason in an off-shore squall with the fog as thick as bags. Whereupon he achieved a lurid reputation for unrighteousness, a name to live long in tradition; for pretense to righteousness is conventional in those parts. He lived up to the obligation of scouting hell fire; he smoked, said "By Gawd!" (in fine weather), left his nets out over Sunday, sold more quintals than he caught, and gave away half as much again—which is an invidious remark—and looked hell in the teeth in every gale that blew. He had a religion of his own; it was this: that all the men of Bonavist' Bay were cock-eyed, and all the women knock-kneed. In ten years he had found seventeen church-members incautious enough to dispute the latter tenet: them he flayed on the spot. At such times the cranky punt found public favor; what with her load of iniquity, men said—the blatant laughter of Job Luff still tingling their ears—it was to her credit that she had turned turtle but six times. But the punt was in no haste to hurtle Job to his reward; she cheerfully ran into the jaws of death at his bidding, and managed to scurry out with him before they snapped shut. For all of which Job loved her.

In the days before the tide lured little Skipper Jo and Ezekiel Sevior into the maw of the sea (when all the mysteries of sea and sky and wilderness were revealed in a flash), never a great wind came but they sped to Lookout Head to see Job Luff beat in; thus:

"Hi, b'y!" Ezekiel cried. "Leave us goa t' the Head t' see Job Luff fetch the punt in. They be a big sea outside."

"'Tis a mean small lop, Ezekiel Sevior! 'Tis noa sea at all."

"Sure, b'y; 'tis a awful tumble. Hark to un! It may be the devil 'll snatch Job Luff the day."

Jo listened to the breakers. "I'll goa, Ezekiel Sevior," said he. "Bear a hand with me caplin, b'y. I've but a bucket t' spread."

The caplin was spread in a hurry; then off they pattered up the hill, little Billy Luff tagging behind. With tense interest the three watched Job skim through the tickle with all sail set, the fleet, close-reefed, still blurred in the mist.

"'Tis a barb'rous bad punt," Jo observed, perversely.

"'Tis a sinful cranky punt," said Ezekiel. "Sammy Arnold do say 'tis."

Billy Luff puffed himself up. "'Tis the best punt t' Ragged 'Arbor," said he.

"She'll goa t' wreck on Mad Mull in a east wind," said Jo.

"Noa, an' she woan't," said Billy Luff.

"She'll capsize in a squall off the Sisters," said Ezekiel.

"Noa, an' she woan't, neither," Billy Luff whimpered. "Sure, me fawther can handle she."

"I knows," said Jo. "She'll turn over in the tickle. She've sheets 's rotten 's oakum. She'll goa t' wreck on Black Rock."

"Sure, b'ys," said Ezekiel, "you can stick your thumb in her paddle at the butt, 'tis that rotten."

"Noa, she woan't," screamed Billy Luff. "Me fawther ain't afeered of a wind what blows."

"'JOB, B'Y, . . . HAUL UN HIGH AN' DRY, AN' LEAVE US SEE THE BOTTOM O' SHE.'"

All notwithstanding, through the years Job Luff caught fish; thus, innocently, he scandalized the name of the Almighty and put the wrathful sea to scorn. Punt and man fathomed the duplicity of the winds, circumvented the stealthful strategy of fogs and tides and currents, craftily fled the might of high seas, and left the yawning breakers hungry: worsting the venomous enmity of the deep and its allies with all the cunning and sullen courage of the true child of that desolation. What was she to him? This: in the vast, twilight silences, when she rode a lurid sea and the flaring heavens seemed about to break with their weight of rising cloud, he fondled her ropes and felt her gunwale and mast; and the familiar touch of these things of the solid waste steadied the faculties which the infinite expanse and flaming, threatening heights had made to reel. More, in the face of the frowning dawn, in the meshes of the night, in the swift descent of great winds, she stayed him; nor was he ever afraid of the sea he plundered, though it raged. Hence he forgave her much. When a capful of wind turned her keel up in the harbor, he came to the surface with a mouthful of hilarious "By Gawds!" and he spat them out as he towed her ashore, loving her all the more for her adorable high spirits; and when she drifted in with the tide, leaving Jonathan Aker dead in the depths off Mad Mull, he told Jonathan's widow, with some asperity, that her husband should long ago have learned to swim.

In the hot days, between the times of caplin and herring, when there is no bait, and the fish are jigged from the shallows, Job Luff followed the sign to Windy Cove, with Billy Luff, his boy, at the bow oars, to keep the head of the punt up, if luck should be with them; and there he found the cod, nine fathoms deep, dawdling in the shadow of the rocks. The fish had eluded the fleet for three days; and now the fleet was stupidly hanging off shore in the sun-soaked breeze, tossing in the lop, and flocked like aimless sheep. Billy kept the boat out of the breakers' grasp while Job jerked up the fish on the prongs of his jigger. Never the flash of a scale got to the spying eyes of the fleet, for Job Luff—that tawny old reprobate—worked the jigging line with one hand and held his pipe in the other, meantime giving great and delusive clouds to the breeze; and he slipped the catch over the gunwale under cover of his great body, and, with a sinful chuckle, added it to the rising heap under the tarpaulin. The fleet lookouts kept keen watch on one another. They shot many a glance to Windy Cove, on the alert for the gleam of a fish; and they

whispered to their mates at the unfruitful lines that Job Luff was lazing the day away in the shade of the shore, catching nothing.

"Do they be cotchin' anything off shoare, b'y?" Job asked.

"Nar a belly do I see, zur," said Billy Luff.

The fish were thick. Job's arm was wearing out. He hauled in a great cod, caught by the tail, and slid it under cover.

"Eleazar Manuel do have his eye on we, zur," said Billy.

"Dunderhead!" chuckled Job. "Where be they now, b'y?"

"They be taggin' Jacob Sevior to——"

"Do he be comin' this way, b'y?" Job asked in alarm.

"Sure, noa, zur; he do be goain' wing an' wing for the grounds off the Mull, zur. They be handy to his starn."

At the last it was a gunwale load. The catch overflowed the holds, fore and aft—lay glistening everywhere; the punt was sunk low with its weight. Lord, how goodly a catch it was! What a triumph in the sight of men! Here was a fat fellow, almost as big as Billy himself. It was the promise of a jews'-harp and a bull's eye and a picture of the Queen. The sea had been plundered of six of that weight—six fat, sleepy fellows. There they lay, flapping their shiny tails! When the trader should bring his treasure ship into the harbor they would be turned into raisins and a red handkerchief. Job vowed it then and there. The silver bellies in the after hold rippled with smiles. They dazzled the eyes of Job Luff. Here was a length of calico for the little maid. Here were molasses and tea for more winter evenings than one. Gleam chased gleam over the scales in the forehold. The catch shot silvery flashes back at the sun. This was a plug of tobacco; that one would go with the broose for breakfast; this would put a pane in the loft window when the snow flew; that would give the good wife a new spade. There was a song in the heart of the man. It was the song of the victor. Such a catch it was! He would work no more for three days. He would lie in the sun of the hillside. He would climb the cliff and watch the gulls circle over the sea. It was a gunwale load! The sea had been plundered while she slept.

"The fleet do be runnin' hoame, zur," said Billy Luff. "They be scootin' for the easter tickle."

It was not yet night. "Hoame, b'y!" exclaimed Job.

"Iss, zur. Eleazar Manuel do be in the lead. He've a reef to his mains'l. They be goain' fast, zur. Jacob Sevior do be reefin' his sail now."

The sea, as visible from the cove, was placid; the sky was an unruffled blue. "They must be wind t'other side o' the Head," said Job. "Pull out, b'y."

Billy Luff pulled out, with his heart in a flutter of fear.

It was a gale from the northeast—the raging of the sea: it had burst from those moody distances which are beyond the ken of the coast; wherein, in the experience of the men of the place, peril lurks always. It had come like a force bent on ravage. There had been no premonition in sea or sky; it had caught the little fleet of Ragged Harbor napping off Mad Mull. The zenith was overcast with thin clouds, which the wind had torn to shreds. They spread themselves swiftly over the blue in the west; they raced to obscure the sun. Heavy clouds, with waving tatters, rose solemnly from the horizon, which was black. Far off the sea was gray with spume; and the spume and the horizonal clouds were as though indistinguishably woven into the white-flecked fringe of a curtain of cloud, vast and impenetrable. From this advancing grayness the punts scurried for the harbor tickle like scared hares. Or it may be said that they were like brown leaves tossed by a November wind. Now, they labored over the crest of a swell; now, they were sunk in the trough, with only the peaks of the mains'ls showing. The last square inch of canvas they could stand was set. The gusts, outriders of the gale, heeled them until their gunwales were fairly under. It was a race for cover, a flight from might and black wrath, with the fuming enemy hot in chase.

"We be cotched, zur," said Billy Luff.

Windy Cove is narrow and precipitous. Above and below, the cliffs rise sheer. There is surf in every part. The water is spread with foam. The place is noisy with the crash of wave against rock. There is no harbor there. It is a trap for punts in a gale from the nor'east. The trap shuts when the wind strikes with full force.

"We be cotched, zur."

It was a question of abandoning punt and catch.

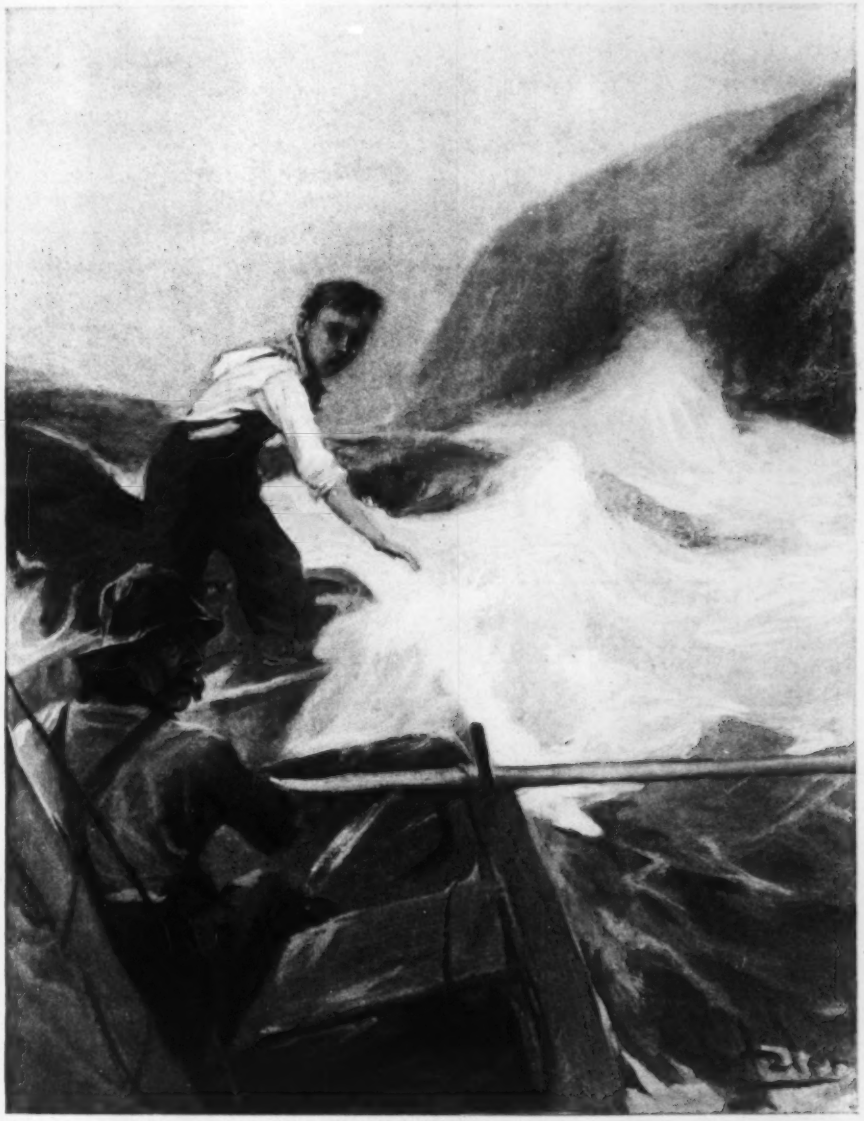
"You goa ashoare, b'y," said Job sharply. "The punt do be too heavy a'ready." He pushed the boy aft. "By Gawd, I'll take un in safe!" He snatched up the oars. "They be no wind that blows the punt can't

ride out." The flare that proclaimed the twist in the man was now in his eyes. "Get t' hoame by the goaat path, Man-o'-War way, b'y."

"Sure, I be 'feered o' the leap, zur."

abyss opened before the boy. He hesitated. Job pulled the punt out of danger before the breaker had fastened its grip upon it. He said nothing.

"I be 'feered, zur."



"JOB BACKED THE PUNT TOWARD A BREAK IN THE ROCK. BILLY MADE READY TO LEAP FOR THE FOOTHOLD IT OFFERED."

"Hut!"

Job backed the punt toward a break in the rock. Billy made ready to leap for the foothold it offered. Job let the punt sweep in with a breaker, stern on. His oars were poised—alert.

"Jump, b'y!"

The water sank. The boat went down with it as though to its wreck. A black

"Hark t' the gale, b'y!"

The sky was black overhead. A strange dusk was filling Windy Cove. The gale was so near that they could hear the sea hiss.

"Iss, zur."

"You be a true man, b'y!" Job exclaimed.

Billy crouched to spring. Job let the punt drift in, ready, as before, to pull out

"IT TOOK HIM TWENTY SECONDS TO SHOW A RAG OF SAIL AND GET THE SKULL OAR IN HIS FIST."

before the time of grace was past. It went swiftly to the verge of the abyss.

"Now!"

Billy leaped. He landed sure and clung to the rock like a mussel. Job was breathless when he had wrested the punt from the breaker's clutch.

"Oh, fawther!" Billy cried. He was looking down from the solid ground above. He was overcome by that terror which an advancing storm inspires.

Job had pulled through half the distance to sea room when the gale struck the cove. The water seethed about the punt. The spume covered the man. Noise confused him—noise compounded and reëchoing, as in a cavern. It was as though the wind tried to push him into the depths of the cove, where the breakers could grasp him to his undoing. The wind swept from a wide place into a narrow. It was like water rushing through a straitened channel. In confusion, he could not prevail against that force. He drifted back. The distance between the punt and the breakers diminished by inches. The space lessened vividly. The punt had no part in this fight. She was the prize. It was the wind pitted against the man's spirit and the sheer strength of his arms and back. The wind veered of a sudden. It caught the punt on the port bow and struggled to turn it broadside. This was the crisis. Had the right arm of the man weakened, the wind would have won mortal advantage in the increased surface exposed to its force. Job perceived the imminence of disaster. He concentrated his strength in his right arm, and forced the bow back into the wind's eye. His muscles were sore of the strain put upon them; and he was now bleeding at the nose. But the momentary gain steadied him. He exerted his strength intelligently. He pulled with craft, taking advantage of every lull to creep up. Thus he drew away from the breakers. He could count the inches as they made feet. Inch was added to inch, foot to foot. Inches were lost and feet were gained. Soon the punt had to take the head seas. Had she shipped water now, the end would not long have been delayed. But she rose to them, split them, beat them down. In half an hour the man was beyond the juts of the cove. He had sea room: with thirty seconds leeway in which to ship his oars, place his steering oar, and shake out a bit of canvas.

It was time enough. It took him twenty seconds to show a rag of sail and get the skull oar in his fist: that was ten seconds off the rocks. He shook the sheet and jammed down the oar. The punt quivered into life.

She gathered way, leaped, stopped dead; then she ran for the open sea like an eager hound.

"Now for it, lass," Job cried. Thus the first stirrings of the joy of conflict expressed themselves.

The escape was into new peril. The gale had trailed wet dusk over the harbor and the sea between. The tickle, through which the fleet had now fled to the sanctuary of the harbor basin, was marked by its breakers. It was but a splash of white in vague distance. The sea was a gray, tossing waste, with shadowy limits. The surges in the northeast communicated their restlessness to its depths. The shallow surface waves took contrary direction with the madcap wind—excited themselves to bewilderment, to irrational force and volume. Thus the attack was delivered upon flank and front simultaneously. The punt was laden with the catch. Did she complain of the load? She called it ballast. There's a brave heart for you! She rammed the black, spume-crested waves, each in its turn, as they rose to strike. They came in infinite numbers, rank upon the heels of rank, the plumes of the pressing host stretching far into the immeasurable expanse. Let the creaking of her old timbers be likened to eager whines! In that spirit she attacked. Interminably the waters rose to engulf her. She sprang at them, faltering only to gather force; she struck them fair; she shattered them into spray; she shook herself free of the clogging fragments, and plunged on with such grit and strength as swells the heart to see. But engulfment was continuously imminent. Every wave was a separate peril. Each had a force and altitude and form and position of its own. Each, as it lay crushed and frothing in the wake, was replaced by a fellow; and so without end. Then, too, the punt had a limitation. There was a wave too great for her, one whose force she could not withstand, stanch as she was. It would overwhelm her though it were but infinitesimally beyond her strength to resist. There were a myriad such, and greater, scattered between the punt and the harbor. But Job would not throw out the catch. He held the little craft to her course, this atom of the solid ground; he accepted the hazard.

"THE FOLK OF RAGGED HARBOR WERE GATHERED ON LOOKOUT HEAD TO WATCH JOB LUFF BEAT IN."

The folk of Ragged Harbor—the two hundred souls—were gathered on Lookout Head to watch Job Luff beat in, as they had gathered many times before. They were standing full in the wind on a slope of rock high above the sea. Job's wife was there, with her brood hanging to her flutter-

ing skirts. The rain had ceased. The air was washed clean. The sea was suffused with gray light. The punt was clear to the patch on her sail.

"Why doan't he heave his catch over?" cried Jim Rideout.

"She'll swamp when he fetches about," said Eleazar Manuel.

"I mind me he've weathered warse gales, Eleazar Manuel," said Job Luff's wife.

"She'll swamp like a flash, woman."

Job stood off to the south. The new tack was cleverly taken. The punt was now almost broadside to the rock.

"What's he to?"

"Runnin' for Boot Cove, b'y."

"He've lost hisself. The lop do be too heavy t' land."

"Do he be heavin' his fish over, Eleazar?" This was Sammy Arnold, who was near blind of old age.

"He be's comin' about."

"'Tis a clever hand with a punt," said Jim Rideout. "He be comin' in on this tack."

"Do he be heavin' his fish over, b'y?" Sammy Arnold demanded.

"Noa, b'y. Not Job Luff!"

The punt came tearing in through a head sea, reeling, plunging. Job held her up to it with that rag of a sail.

"Do he be shippin' water, Eleazar?" Again Sammy Arnold.

"He do be bailin' now."

"Have he his sheet fast, b'y? I do be blind this day."

"Iss, sure; 'tis tied to his foot."

Job managed the sheet with his foot. He worked the steering oar with his right hand, and bailed with the other.

"'Tis a stiff punt," said Sammy Arnold.

"'Tis that."

The punt was coming to her own. Ragged Harbor watched her keenly as she reeled through that head sea. In all the years of her unhonored life, not so much had been said before.

"'Tis a gran' punt," said Eleazar Manuel.

"'Tis the best punt t' Ragged Harbor."

There was no one to gainsay it. In the end the ill-favored craft had found honor.

Job was under the Head. The tickle stretched from before him to the calm of the harbor basin. The punt's fight was won. It was for the man to sweep through to placid water; but not through placid water—through noise and tumultuous waves, a narrow place where the breakers reach from the rocks on either side like claws. It was for him to sweep through to placid water: then he must pull to the stage and land the fish. The sure path was the middle. Deviation meant wreck, inevitable wreck if the breakers so much as laid a finger on the boat. It was but sport for a sure hand and an eye alert. So be it: the hand must be continuously sure and the eye alert always. In response to the oar the punt veered and sped like an arrow for the middle. Job ran his eye over the catch. Then, madly exultant, he looked up to the people on the rock. He had won! It was a triumph for courage and the punt. But in that vaunting glance he betrayed the punt. A puff of wind caught the rag of a sail: elsewhere, a breath to be disregarded; here and now, with an unwatchful hand on the sheet, a transcendent peril. Job's eyes were on the people. Every faculty was submerged in his exultation. Two things followed: for one, the hand on the oar was lax; moreover, his perception of the situation of the punt—the immediate formation of the waves, and the sphere of the breakers—was, for the instant, suspended. Hence, when the wind caught the sail, its influence was not instantaneously counteracted. The moments of grace flashed past while the man rallied his faculties to meet the danger; while, too, he possessed himself anew of his immediate surroundings. His impression of the waves and breakers had to be destroyed and reconstructed. Those waves which had been photographed on his brain when he looked up at the people had now subsided, new ones had replaced them—waves of different form and place. Those breakers which had been gathering force to dash against the rocks had delivered their attack, had broken and fallen, and were now gathering for a new rush. The whole face of the tickle was a new face. He was dazed. Time was consumed, also, in determining upon a course of action. It took time to transmit directions to the hand on the oar, time for the hand to comprehend, to summon its strength and to exert it.

These were supremely momentous periods. Job had betrayed the punt. The puff of wind had swerved her from her course. A long, lean breaker, reaching far out from Black Rock, had laid hold of her and fixed its clutch. She was swept in. Her motion was like that of a falling stone—imperceptible at first, gathering speed, accelerating to a rush. The man felt the new influence in the beginning. Then he perceived that all his strength—which he now furiously exerted—could not take her to the placid wa-

ter of the harbor, a few fathoms beyond. She had been carried out of her course. She was caught. She was doomed. Hence he diverted his strength to swerving her bow on to the rock, that he might save himself. The possibility of his escape was contained in seven seconds of time. He dropped the oar and leaped forward, then crouched in the bow for the spring. His eyes swept the face of the rock for a foothold while the punt advanced. There was but a flash of time for discovery and decision. The glance was swift, sure, eager. It fixed itself, at the last, on a narrow ledge. The sum of all those things which are important to a man hung upon the possibility of reaching that ledge.

Job made the leap when the punt overhung the abyss, but from sinking ground; for the wave, as though of craft, pulled the boat from his feet as he sprung.

It must be said that Black Rock is at that point near sheer. The cliff is weather-broken and rotten; frost and wind have fretted narrow ledges therein, and left a crumbling surface, which latter scales off, in most parts, under a violence no greater than the bent of a child's strength. Now, the sudden descent of the punt had disturbed the man's leap. For that reason he missed his hold with one foot. The toe of his right boot struck the rock below the ledge. That foot found no place. Hence he tottered. His full weight was upon the other foot, which was firm fixed from toe to instep. Supreme responsibility centered, momentarily, in the muscles of that leg. But he was toppling backward: he would fall to the wave which was then crunching the punt, and he would be cast up with the splinters. He clawed the rock for a handhold. His right hand caught a projection; this crumbled in his grasp. Even so, he had brought himself back to within hair's-weight of a balance; but the weight of the hair was against him. If the left hand should fail in its search, that difference would surely prevail. The third finger found a crack with a frayed edge; the nail caught a scale of rock—a loose scale, which trembled under the strain. Upon that scale—upon its tender, slender connection with the great body of rock—the issue now depended. Here all the struggle culminated—the mighty exertion of the cove, the skill and courage of the attack upon the waves, the little punt's stanch repulse of high seas: all ended in the strain the finger nail put upon the scale of rock, and that strain was not greater than a thread might sustain, nor longer than a breath.

The scale held. The finger nail did not break. The man drew his body forward. The wave rose to his boot tops and washed with expiring strength about his feet. It left him safe. The punt was a splintered wreck below.

"HE CLAWED THE ROCK FOR A HANDHOLD."

Some convulsive effort of the gale, as it tore into the distance, rent the thick, low clouds in the west. The tatters of the rift glowed crimson and gold: black was elsewhere. The sun, shooting through, gilded the crests of the waves; the sea flashed from expanse to expanse. The breakers threw iridescent spray at the sky. Hills and rocks took on their sunset garb of purple and red. Shafts of sunlight struck the bellies of the catch, and were radiantly reflected. The fishes of the gunwale load gleamed for a space, where they floated with the splinters of the punt that had gone to wreck in all honor. They shone like burnished silver while they sank, fluttering, into the black, hidden depths of the tickle. Night advanced with swift feet. Heavy clouds covered the sun as it sank. Dusk enshrouded the Pillar and the Staff. The wind sighed and died. Silence descended. From the summit of Black Rock Job Luff looked out over the sea to the edge of the world. There a streak of lurid red separated the sea from the sky.

It was a tragedy of that coast!

BARNDOOR'S ROMANCE

BY CARRIE HUNT LATTA

ILLUSTRATED BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON.

"SIGHT or onseen, come in ef your nose is clean," chirruped a thin old voice.

Byron Theodore Lonsberry grinned, jerked his red handkerchief from his trousers pocket, blew his nose vigorously, and entered his grandmother's room.

"It's only me, granny," he said rather sheepishly, shifting his suspenders into place.

"Ain't any use whatsumever tellin' who it is, Byron Theodore. They ain't anybody else in the fambly as knocks like they was hopin' to break the door in. I reckon you don't know how stout you are. What a monstrous big fellow you're gittin' to be. Ef you keep on you'll outgrow all your uncles."

"I'm a plum man, ain't I, granny?" the great boy asked, surveying his long legs and large feet clad in heavy boots.

"Law me yes, in size. You're big enough to be out in the field doin' a man's work. What do you want, honey? Why ain't you out plowin'?"

"I come in while the folks is out to have a talk with you, granny. Pa's down in the far field, an' ma's lookin' over garden seed in the smoke-house. I sent the childern down to the crick so's we could talk. You see, granny, I—er—I want to git married."

Grandmother Beck coughed violently, then said with pretended indifference:

"Well, that ain't so surprisin'. Most folks, if they're sensible, wants to git married some time in their lives."

"But I want to git married right away."

"Ner that ain't surprisin'. Young folks is mostly in a hurry to git into somethin' they don't know nothin' 'bout."

Byron Theodore's face flushed.

"I've been thinkin' 'bout it for a long time, an' so's she."

"She? Lizy Ann Perkins, I reckon."

"You know better, granny."

"But your ma and pa want you to marry Lizy Ann, when you do marry. I reckon they ain't countin' on you marryin' fer some time to come. Lizy Ann's a good worker an' a good manager. I reckon they ain't a girl in this part o' the country as done as well with chickens as she did las' year."

"Chickens!" Byron Theodore grunted disdainfully.

"Yes, chickens. An' they's money in 'em, too. Folks says they'll be some propputty fer Lizy Ann, an' it won't be so onhandy fer you and her as you think."

"Fer me and her? No, not fer me an' her. I can't see, granny, how she'll ever git any propputty. Her pa's only got forty acres o' land, and they's seven childern now. Hm! Propputty!"

"Well, they'll be enough fer a piece 'bout the size of a town lot for each child, Byron Theodore. Hit'd make 'nough ground fer a chicken yard, an' it'd be well enough to own one's chicken yard, wouldn't it?"

She leaned over for a handful of carpet rags, and to hide a smile.

"Not with Lizy Ann throwed in," he answered savagely.

"Wy, honey, they ain't a religiouser girl in this section."

"Ner a longer-faced one, granny."

"Oh, well, hit takes some folks that way. Religion makes some folks' faces long, an' some it makes wide out. Th' wide out kind suits me best; but fer all that, Lizy Ann Perkins is a good girl, Byron Theodore."

"Aw, what's the use of lookin' like you're to a funeral all the time. I won't never marry Lizy Ann, never. I thought you'd help me, granny. Drat it, anyhow."

He thrust his hands deep in his pockets and sighed. His grandmother regarded him thoughtfully.

"I ain't said I wouldn't help you, honey. Lemme tell you something. Las' Sunday when we come out of the meetin'-house, Lizy Ann was walkin' jest ahead, her an' another girl, an'——"

"Was it Libby Steele, granny?"

"They's other girls besides Libby, ain't they, Byron Theodore? As I was a-sayin', when you bothered me, Lizy Ann an' another girl was walkin' jest ahead of me, an' when Lizy Ann come to the door an' looked out she says, so doleful it almos' moved me to tears, 'Oh, I jest know hit'll cloud up and be rainin' by to-morry. Oh, dear!' And the other girl says, with her eyes a-dancin' and her lips a-smilin'——"

"Then it was Libby, granny; I know it was," Byron Theodore said eagerly.

"An' what if it was? Ain't they other girls with smilin' faces besides Libby? As I was a-sayin', with her eyes a-dancin' an' her lips a-smilin', she says, 'Aw, what if it does, Lizy Ann? We can't 'xpect to have all sunshine. 'Sides, things'd make a pore out at growin' ef we didn't have some clouds an' rain. Wy, this is as purty a day as I ever seen. Le's injoy it. What if it does rain to-morry?' But Lizy's face was all clouded up, jest ready fer a rainstorm, an' I says to myself, 'My land! I wouldn't have our Byron Theodore marry a girl as lived on the north side of life like Lizy Ann, an' thinkin' of clouds an' rain the whole endurin' time, not if she had a hundred acres o' land comin' to her.' Though, Byron Theodore, to teach you good business judgment, I will say that a hundred acres would ease up matters some, even with Lizy Ann."

"THE OLD WOMAN ROSE."

She rocked fast and furiously for a time, winding carpet rags as she rocked.

"I knowed you'd take my part 'bout Lizy Ann, granny. An' you know well an' good that it's Libby I want. You know Levi Stringer's folks is goin' to move up to Five Points right away, an' Libby she don't want to live in town. Says they's too much style an' goin' an' comin' to suit her. B'sides, Lem Stringer is a-makin' a fool of hisself if ever a fellow did. He seems to think jest b'cause Libby's lived there ever since her ma died, thet him an' Libby's jest as good as ingaged. He ain't spoke to me for two months."

"Hm! He ain't? Had a quarrel, I reckon. I r'member when you traded dogs I thought you got the worst of it, but seems to me you'd be the one to be mad, Byron Theodore."

"We ain't never said nothin' 'bout them dogs, granny. You know it ain't that. Anyhow, the other mornin' Lem went to the milk-house, pertendin' he was thirsty; he'd

"'SECH A BIG NAME FER SECH A LITTLE FELLER.'"

took a jug of water to the field with him an' didn't need no drink, but he says, 'Libby, gimme a good cold drink o' milk.' An' she says, 'They's some in thet pitcher, Lem; help yerself.' An' he says, 'Hit'd be so much better if you'd pour hit out fer me.' She didn't pay no 'tention whatsumever, but went on with her work. Then he says, 'I reckon, Libby, hit'd be jest the thing fer us, you and me, to git married and go on livin' here and let the folks move to town. I don't want to live in town neither.' An' Libby she jest doused the cream in the churn with a big splutter an' says, 'Lem, I can't churn with you standin' about doin' nothin'.' An' he says, 'Lemme churn, Libby.' An' she says, 'Alright,' an' goes off to the house after shuttin' an' lockin' the milk-house door. An' after a while she went back an' opened the door, and there was Lem, waitin' to git out. He'd fetched the butter, and had splattered cream from Dan to Barsheepy. He says now as he'll marry her jest fer spite."

"Well, Byron Theodore, it'd be a good chance for Libby. I ain't never heard anything against Lem Stringer, 'cept that he cheated in that dog trade, an' that's a good farm an' a comfitable house. Levi Stringer is right well off, and his family ain't so big. I think Libby'll be doin' the worst thing she can think of if she lets that chance slip by. Lem Stringer'd make her a good man."

"But Libby says she's lived there so long that Lem seems like her brother, an' she wouldn't like to marry her brother."

"But he ain't her brother, Byron Theodore, no more'n you are. And if I was a girl an' had a chance to git a good man, with propputty, who'd give me a good home, I'd git over that a-kin feelin' soon's possible."

"But, granny, she don't love Lem. She loves me. I love her, an' we're goin' to marry right away, so's when the folks move to town she'll have a place to come to right away. We're goin' to live in the old house, if you'll let us. I'm goin' to run a petition through one of them big rooms an' make two rooms fer bedrooms."

Grandmother Beck's lips tightened to a hard line and her eyes snapped.

"Run a petition, are you? Byron Theodore Lonsberry, your gran'pa an' me planned that house, an' we lived in it fer years an' years. An' if it don't suit you as it is, then you'll not live in it. They ain't no change goin' to be made in that house while I live."

She wiped her eyes with her apron, and looked at her grandson defiantly.

"Wy, wy, granny, I didn't know that you'd care. The house has been empty for so long, an' pa's talked 'bout storin' hay an' fodder there."

"But you'll take notice he ain't never done it, Byron Theodore. Ner he won't, while I live. You can live in the house if you won't make no changes an'll see that things is took good care of. I'd be livin' there myself if I'd had my way, but your ma thought I was too old to live by myself. An' I reckon I am. But they won't be no petitions run."

Byron Theodore shook his head.

"I wouldn't run a petition if you didn't want it, for the world. But, as I was a-sayin', we can git along all right. Las' week pa was talkin' 'bout sellin' six of the cows, but I'll get him to let Libby an' me tend to 'em. I'll run the dairy wagon same's ever, and livin' so close together, things'll go on jest as they have. An' all the time I'll be givin' Libby a home," he added importantly.

"You're a right good speaker, Byron Theodore. I don't know but that you'd do well in pollyticks. Still, ef you ever do dabble in pollyticks, don't ever hurt the other party's feelin's like you did mine 'bout that petition. You'll never git 'lected in the world if you do. But ef this matter is all cut an' dried, what did you fetch it to me fer? All your plans is made, ain't they?"

"It ain't settled, granny. I ain't twenty-one yet, an' ma will raise a fuss, I know. I thought as how, when I brung up the subjec', mebbe you'd help me out."

"You can't deny bein' young, Byron Theodore, ner neither can Libby. Still, Libby's had a heap of 'xperience. Your grandpa an' me was young when we was married. But we didn't rush matters so fer all that. He cut down the trees an' built the house, an' while he was doin' that I was makin' rag carpet, a-weavin', an' a-spinnin'. But my, oh my, how happy we was! I reckon, Byron Theodore, I reckon I will help you, pervidin' they ain't no petition run."

"They won't be, granny, so long's you live, er so long's I live," the great, sun-browned boy assured her as he seized her in his arms. He pressed a kiss on her thin old cheek, placed her in her chair as if she had been a small child, and went away to the field.

The old woman rose and watched after him.

"It ain't been a great while," she mused thoughtfully, "since Byron Theodore was in long cloes, an' I was kep' busy tryin' to keep him still. How time do fly."

She sighed and looked across to the old log-house among the orchard trees.

"And there's where Byron Theodore an' Libby wants to begin life together. Well, I do hope they'll be as happy together as me an' John was. 'Twas jest about this time o' year when me and him was married. Then the house was new and the trees was young and straight. I was a bride then, an', my land, but I was happy. I r'member the next mornin' after we was married John got up an' went to the door, an' he says, 'Come here, Lizzybeth, an' see the bloom o' the orchard trees. And smell 'em. Um-m! We're pore, rale poor, but I reckon they ain't a millynare no place that can 'ford to let his wife live in p'fumery like I can.' Then he ketched me up in his arms an' says, 'Look out there, Lizzybeth, there's a bee a-lookin' fer honey. He do be thinkin' you're a apple blossom, and I d'clar you do look like one, all pink an' white.' Them was happy days. But they're gone, an' I'm a old, wore-out woman, an' the house is old, and the trees is old an' bent and crooked. An' John, my John still, is waitin' fer me. I'd like to see John mighty well, I would. But I'm past seventy now, so it won't be long, I reckon."

She dried her eyes on her apron and sat down. Then she smiled.

"I'm goin' to do my best to have Byron Theodore and Libby as happy as we was, anyhow."

And her daughter, sitting in the door of the smoke-house with her lap full of seed for the spring planting, heard her mother's quavering voice singing:

> "Bles' be-e th' ti-ie thet binds
> Our hearts sin Christun love."

"Mother's the happiest old woman I ever seen," this daughter said, musingly. "An' I wonder why?"

When Byron Theodore went back to his work that morning he worked with a will. He whistled and sang like the healthy, hearty boy that he was. It was only to his immediate family that he was Byron Theodore Lonsberry. His mother, who had read some, had given him this name, in opposition to his father's wishes, when he was a tiny mite three days old.

"Sech a big name fer sech a little feller," his father had said, regarding the squirming little boy with pity.

But the child was so named, and so called, until he started to school. The school-teacher

asked him his name, and being very bashful, he had answered her in a very low tone. Three times he repeated it, and when the young teacher finally understood, she looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then wrote the name down.

But his schoolmates would have none of it; and three days later had rechristened this snub-nosed, red-cheeked boy. And his name was Barndoor. Even the teacher called him by that name finally, though his mother and grandmother made special calls at the schoolhouse to argue the matter.

Byron Theodore fought with some of the boys near his own size, but finally found that he must kneel to the inevitable.

When the subject of Barndoor's marriage was brought up, there was a disturbance in the Lonsberry family. But finally, finding

"A DINNER WAS SERVED."

"WHEN HE SAW LIBBY RUN ALONG THE PATH . . . HE WAS HAPPIER STILL."

the young man so determined, and that Grandmother Beck was upholding him, they gave in. There was no objection, especially, to Libby. Barndoor's youthfulness and lack of worldly goods were the stumbling-blocks.

But Grandmother Beck assured her daughter and son-in-law that, if nothing happened, Barndoor would get older. And, as for the other objection, she produced a certain gray sock, which contained more than they had supposed.

She counted part of it out carefully, and one fine day she went to Five Points, where she purchased a good cook-stove and some kitchen utensils, a table and some chairs.

They resurrected an old-fashioned bed, hung some curtains, and Libby, with her own hands, scrubbed floors and woodwork until they were clean indeed. What if the floors were bare! They were clean and cool. And this was only spring. A carpet could be made before winter set in.

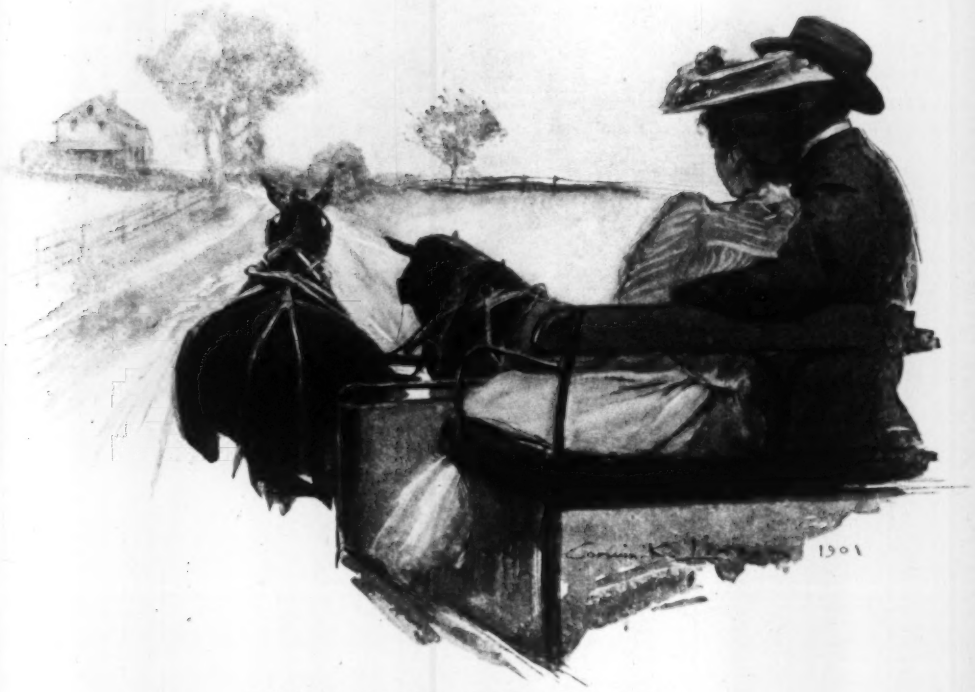
Then, one sunshiny day, between milking times, the "Babtis'" minister came to the Lonsberry home and performed a marriage ceremony. And every one was merry and gay, and a dinner was served in great style, a dinner which the "Babtis'" minister did not soon forget, as Grandmother helped prepare it, and she had been known, in the past, as the best cook in the county. Nor had she forgotten how, and, being happy, and wishing to make others so, she fairly outdid herself that day.

When the dinner was over, Libby exchanged her white dress for a dark calico one, and fell to washing dishes with a vim. There is little time to waste on a dairy farm. But she sang as she worked.

Barndoor watched her flit about for a time, then went to do the chores.

He was happy, very happy. When he saw Libby run along the orchard path to their own little nest, he was happier still. But there was something lacking. Weren't things a little prosy? Too matter of fact?

It worried him, and he ceased to whistle and went about his work absent-mindedly.



"HOW HAPPY THEY WERE, THESE TWO!"

Finally his brow cleared, he gave a whoop which scared a flock of hens clean out of their wits, threw his hat high in the air, and went into the shed.

He drew the dairy wagon to the barnyard pump and scrubbed it thoroughly, inside and out. The name "Ferndale Dairy" stood out in bold relief, and Barndoor eyed it admiringly.

The next morning he rose and hurried to the milking sheds. His father and mother were already there at work. He joined them with a will.

After breakfast, and when the milk had been strained and bottled, Barndoor said gleefully:

"Libby, slip your weddin' finery on right quick. I'll git into my best duds as quick as I can."

Libby looked at him in wonder, but did as she was told. When she had dressed and come to the door, Barndoor was waiting with the clean dairy wagon. He helped her in.

"What we goin' to do, Barndoor?" she asked timidly.

"Goin' on a weddin' trip," he answered triumphantly, breaking off a great spray of apple blossoms and placing them in her lap.

As they passed the door of the "new house," Grandmother Beck appeared. She jerked her apron from her waist and waved it at them.

Just as the long rays of red and gold streamed out across the sky, they drove into the town. Everything was quiet, as it was still early. Barndoor had one arm around Libby and held her hand. The horses jogged along the well-known road; there was no need of a driver's hand.

The wagon rattled along merrily, a soft breeze was blowing, the air was sweet with plum blossoms. Ah, how happy they were, these two!

Libby sat in the wagon while Barndoor delivered the milk from place to place. When this was done, he drove to the hitching-place and fastened the horses.

Then, as proud a man as ever walked the main street of Five Points, Barndoor led Libby, whose hand trembled in his and whose cheeks were like roses, to the bakery, to The Homestead Bakery, where he ordered two sandwiches (which were dry), two cups of coffee (which were tasteless), and some doughnuts (which were stale). But, partaken of in the glamour of the bakery at Five Points, on the wedding-journey, they were like unto nectar and ambrosia.

Then, having bought five cents' worth of candy and the same amount of peanuts, both

of which Barndoor gave into Libby's keeping, they drove home.

The meadow-larks called loud and clear and the sun shone brightly. Libby sang from pure joyousness.

Then she paused and whispered:

"I'm so much obliged fer the weddin' trip, Barndoor. It's the first—I mean, I mean it's the only one I ever had. An' it was such a s'prise."

She slipped her hand in his, and looked into his face.

He looked at her for an instant, then gathered her up in his arms. His eyes were full of tears.

"What, what you cryin' 'bout, Barndoor?" she asked anxiously.

"Jest happy, little girl. Mos' too happy, I'm 'fraid. I'll allus be good to you, allus," he murmured fervently.

THE CANADA LYNX.

By William Davenport Hulbert,
Author of "The Deer," "The Beaver," etc.

IN the darkest corner of a hollow tree lay two small balls of reddish fur, which turned over once in a while and murred for their dinner. Outside, not far away, a widowed lynx stood upon the carcass of a deer looking at a man. Some hunter had wounded the deer, and the hungry cat found it before the wolves. She finished the kill. It was hers. Trappers will tell you that the lynx is a fool and a coward that will run from man or dog, but this gray cat took her stand on the flank of that deer, her eyes flamed yellow at the landlooker, she spit and growled and snarled, her ears were laid back, her white teeth gleamed. The man had no weapon; he went round.

Those kittens in the tree were the finest the lynx had ever had, and she had had many. At first, of course, they were rather insignificant.

Imagine, if you can, what their first impressions were like. And remember that they were blind, like all other kittens, and that if their ears heard sounds, they certainly did not comprehend them. Sometimes they were cold, and hungry, and lonesome. They didn't know what cold was, or hunger, or loneliness; but they knew that something was wrong, and they cried about it, like other babies. Then would come a great, warm, comforting presence, and all would be right again. I don't suppose they knew exactly what had been done to them. Probably they were not definitely aware that their empty stomachs had been filled, or that their shrinking, shivering little bodies were snuggled down in somebody's thick fur coat, or that somebody's warm red tongue was licking and stroking and caressing them. But they knew that all was well, and that they were at peace.

By and by they began to look about for impressions, and were no longer content with lying still and taking what came to them. They seemed to acquire a mental appetite for impressions that was almost as ravenous as their stomachs' appetite for milk, and their weak little legs were forced to lift their squat little bodies and carry them on exploring expeditions around the inside of the tree, where they bumped their heads against the walls, and stumbled and fell down over the inequalities in the floor. Sometimes they explored their mother, and went scrambling and sprawling all over her from her head to her tail. But as their eyes were still closed, they must have known her only as a big, kind, loving, furry thing, that fed them and warmed them and licked them, and made them feel good. Now try to imagine what their sensations were when they first beheld the light of day shining in—rather dimly, perhaps—through a hole in the side of the tree. And

Baby lynxes eating.

imagine that hole being darkened, and a round, hairy face looking in—a face with big, unwinking eyes, pointed, tufted ears, and a thick whisker brushed back from under its chin. Do you suppose they recognized their mother the first time she came home after their eyes were opened? I don't believe they did. But when she jumped in beside them, then they knew her, and another wonderful impression wrote itself on the fresh pages of their lives.

In looks the babies were not so very different from ordinary kittens, except that they were bigger and perhaps a little clumsier, and that their paws were very large, and their tails very short and stubby. They grew stronger as the days went on, and their legs did not wobble quite so much when they went traveling around the inside of the tree. And they were learning to use their ears as well as their eyes. They knew what their mother's step meant at the entrance, and they liked to hear her purr. Other sounds there were which they did not understand so well, and to most of which they gave little heed—the scream of the rabbit when the lynx leaps upon him from the shadow of a bush; the scolding of the red squirrel, disturbed and angry at the sight, and fearful that he himself will be the next victim; the bark of the fox, the rasping of the porcupine's teeth, and oftenest of all, the pleasant rustling and whispering of the trees; for by this time the south wind had come back and had done its work, and the voice of the leaves was heard in the land; all the noises of the woods, and many others besides, that came to them from outside the walls of the tree, from a vast, mysterious region of which they knew nothing except that their mother often went there. But one day she led them out of the hole, and for the first time they saw the sunshine, and the blue of the sky, and the green of the trees, and the whiteness of the sailing clouds, and the beauty of the Glimmerglass. But I don't think that they paid as much attention to it as they ought. They were too much interested in making their legs work properly. It was a hard task, and they were more than pleased when their mother took them back to the hollow tree, gave them their supper, and told them to lie down and take a nap while she went after another rabbit. But they had really done very well, considering that it was their first day out. One of them in particular was very smart and precocious, and she had taken much pleasure in watching the independent way in which he went staggering about for impressions.

"And imagine that hole being darkened, and a round, hairy face looking in."

She was in the habit of bringing things home for the children to play with, part of a rabbit, or a wood-mouse, or a red squirrel, or a chipmunk. And the children played with them with a vengeance, shaking and worrying them, and spitting and growling and snarling over them. You should have seen them the first time they saw their mother catch a rabbit. They didn't try to help her, for she had told them not to, but they watched her with all their might. As she crept up behind him, very quietly and stealthily, until she was within leaping distance, the kittens' eyes grew bigger and bigger, and rounder and rounder. They nearly jumped out of their skins with excitement when at last they saw her give a bound and land with both forepaws on the middle of his back. They seemed to understand it perfectly. A few days later they had another experience. Their mother happened to see two little wood-mice running under a half-decayed log. She put her paws against it and rolled it half-way over, and while she held it there the larger kitten

rushed in and seized one of the mice. The other got away, but no matter, this was glory enough for one day. They had made their first kill.

From wood-mice the kittens progressed to chipmunks, and from chipmunks to larger game; and in time they learned to take care of themselves, and were no longer absolutely dependent on their mother. It was well that they were not, for one day she was taken from them in a strange, sad way, and there was nothing they could do but cry, and try to follow her, and at last see her pass out of sight still looking back and calling to them pitifully. It began with a steel trap, as so many forest tragedies do. This one was down by the edge of the water, a branch of the Tahquamenon River. When the lynx first stepped into it she screamed and yelled and spit and clawed, and made such a demonstration that the kittens were astonished. But after a while she grew weary, and quieted down. Before long it began to rain. She was soon soaking wet, and as the hours dragged on every ounce of courage and gumption seemed to ooze out of her. If the trapper had come then he would have found her very meek and limp.

It rained very hard, and it rained very long. In fact, it had been raining most of the time for several days before she found the trap, and it needed only a few more hours to fill the Great Tahquamenon Swamp as full of water as a soaked sponge. The river was rising rapidly, and the lynx was soon lying in a puddle. The other end of the chain which held her trap was fast to a saw-log, and presently she climbed upon it and stretched herself out on the wet, brown bark. By and by the log began to stir in its bed, and at last it quietly swung out into the current and drifted away down the stream. The lynx was a very good swimmer, and she promptly jumped overboard and tried to reach the shore, but of course the chain put a stop to that. She was very near drowning before she could scramble up again over the end of the log and seat herself amidships.

The kittens had been foraging, but she called to them in a tone which told plainly enough that some new trouble had befallen her, and they hurried down the bank and stood at the water's edge, mewing piteously. She implored them to follow her, and finally the bigger and bolder of the two screwed up his courage and plunged bravely in. He didn't get far. It was very cold and very wet, and he wasn't used to swimming. Besides, the water got into his nose and made him sneeze, distracting his attention so that for a moment he forgot all about his mother, and just turned around and hustled back to the shore as fast as he could go. After that he contented himself with following along the bank. Before either of them really knew what had happened, the little tributary emptied itself into the main stream of the Tahquamenon, and they suddenly realized that they were much farther apart than they had been at any time before. This new river was several times broader than the one on which the voyage had begun, and the wind was steadily carrying her away from the shore, while the current bore her resistlessly onward in its long, slow journey to Lake Superior. She was still calling to him, but her voice was growing fainter and

"They hurried down the bank . . . mewing piteously."

"They both stood still and looked at each other."

fainter in the distance, and so, at last, she passed out of his sight and hearing forever.

And then, for the first time, he missed his brother. The other kitten had always been the slower of the two, and in some way he had dropped behind. The young lynx was alone in the world.

But the same river that had carried his mother away brought him a little comfort in his desolation, for down by the water's edge, cast up on the sand by a circling eddy, he found a dead sucker. He ate it, and felt better in spite of himself. It made a very large meal for so small a lynx, and by the time it was finished he began to feel drowsy, so he chose the driest spot he could find, under the thick branches of a large hemlock, and curled himself up on the brown needles and went to sleep.

The next day he had to hustle for a living, and the next it was the same, and the next, and the next. As the weeks and the months went by there was every indication that life would be little else than one long hustle—or perhaps a short one,—and in spite of all he could do there were times when he seemed very near the end of the chapter. But he was well armed for the chase, and his mother's lessons stood him in good stead. His teeth were wonderful implements. In front, on both the upper and lower jaws, were the incisors—chisel-shaped, for cutting. Flanking them were the canines—very long and slender, and very sharply-pointed, thrusting themselves into the meat like the tines of a carving-fork, and tearing it away in great shreds. And back of the canines were other teeth that were still larger, but shorter and broader, and more like notched knife-blades. Those of the lower jaw worked inside those of the upper, like shears, and they were very handy for cutting the large chunks into pieces small enough to pass down his throat. His claws, too, were admirably suited to pulling things to bits, for they were very long and very wickedly curved; and he kept them sharp by scratching tree-trunks with them, just as your house-cat sharpens hers on the leg of the kitchen table. When he wasn't using them he kept them hidden between his toes, so that they wouldn't be constantly catching and breaking on roots and things, but all he had to do when he wanted them was to pull certain muscles, and out they came, ready to scratch and claw and tear to his heart's content. By the time he got through with a partridge there was not much left of it but a puddle of brown feathers.

But the rabbits were his mainstay, as they had been his mother's. With them and the other small fry of the woods, and an occasional bird, he pulled through the winter in fairly good shape, although he was pretty thin by the time spring came round again. Summer was easier, for he didn't have to use up any of his vitality in keeping warm. Several times during his first year or two he caught sight of a man—a landlooker, or a trapper, or a lumberman—but none ever saw him, and none was destined ever to see

"He was a goodly lynx."

him. He was sly—more sly than intelligent, perhaps—and he learned to keep out of the way. He was fond of frequenting such secluded places as old burnings and windfalls, where dead trees and half-burned logs lay thrown together in the wildest confusion, places which were almost impassable to men, and which even the landlooker avoided whenever he could, but which a cat could tread as readily as the locomotive follows the rails. And in those secret places of the woods, hidden away from all his most dangerous enemies, he grew out of his kittenhood and became an adult lynx.

Once in a while he visited the Glimmerglass, and one autumn afternoon he might have been seen trotting briskly down the deer runway that follows the brink of the high bank along the northern shore of the lake. It was Indian summer, and the sunshine was warm and yellow, the south wind was just loafing around and pretending to be busy, and all the world was full of that delicious laziness that comes when the year's work is finished, and there is nothing more for us to do but have a good time till the snow begins to fly. Suddenly he stopped short, for coming up the path straight toward him he saw another lynx, enough like him to be his twin-sister. She saw him, too, and they both stood still and looked at each other as if they had just discovered that, after all, life was something more than hustling for meat and drink. Yet even then the instinct of the chase asserted itself. A faint sound came up from the lake—"Quack, quack, quack"—and the two big cats stole to the edge of the bank and looked down. Above them the tall trees stood dreamily motionless in the Indian summer sunshine; below was a steep slope of ten or fifteen feet, beyond that a tiny strip of beach, and then the quiet water. A flock of wild ducks, on their way from Canada to the Gulf, had taken stop-over checks for the Glimmerglass, and now they were loitering through the dead bulrushes, pausing occasionally to thrust their heads under and dabble in the mud for some choice morsel of food, and murmuring placidly in soft, mild voices that sounded as if they were talking of nice little minnows and snails and all sorts of delicious things to eat. The lynxes crouched on the brink, side by side, and waited. Their eyes were fairly blazing with excitement, and their long, narrow pupils grew still narrower; their short, stubby tails twitched nervously, and their paws fumbled about among the dry pine-needles, feeling for the very best footing from which to make the flying leap. The ducks came on, still prattling pleasantly over their own private affairs. Closer and closer they swam, without a thought of death waiting for them at the top of the bank, and suddenly four splendid sets of muscles jerked like bow-strings, four long, powerful hind legs straightened with a spring, and two great, furry creatures shot out from the brink and came sailing down through the air like twin angels of fury, with their heads up, their eyes blazing, their tails on end, and their forepaws stretched out to grasp an unhappy duck. They struck the water with a mighty splash, and the flock broke up with frightened cries and a wonderful whirring of wings. In another mo-

ment it was far away and going like the very wind, but two of its number stayed behind, and presently the lynxes waded out upon the beach and settled down to eat their supper together. They talked as much over that meal as the ducks had over theirs, but the lynx's language is very different from that of the water-fowl. Instead of soft, gentle murmuring, there were low, fierce growls and snarls as the long white claws scattered the feathers, and the long white teeth tore the warm, sweet, red flesh from the bones. So they talked on in angry, threatening tones that sounded like quarreling, but that really meant only a certain wild, savage kind of pleasure; and when the meal was ended, and the very last shred of duck-flesh had disappeared, they washed their faces, and purred, and lay still a while to visit and get acquainted.

There were many other meetings during the weeks that followed, and at last they took to living in the same hollow tree, and their matrimonial career was fairly begun.

In the years that followed, the lynx's principal occupation continued to be hunting, but most of the time he hunted for the sake of his mate and his kittens, as well as for his own benefit. Of course they were not always the same kittens, and I regret to say that it wasn't always the same mate either. But he never had any difficulty in finding some one to share his lot with him. Perhaps this was not to be wondered at, for he was always a goodly lynx, even after his years had begun to tell on him. He was a trifle larger

"And two great furry creatures shot out from the brink."

than any of his mates—something over three feet in length, and twenty-odd inches in height—and his long hind legs, heavy buttocks, thick fore limbs, and big, clumsy-looking paws, told of a magnificent array of muscles pulling and sliding and hauling under his coat. And the coat itself—steel-colored, with darker trimmings—was so soft and fine; his claws were so long—a good two inches—and so sharp and white; his teeth were so big and cruel; the tassels of stiff dark hair that stood up from the tips of his ears had such an uncommonly jaunty effect; his mustachios were so becoming, and the thick bunch of grizzled whiskers that hung from each side of his jaw gave him such an imposing and distinguished appearance—not handsome, according to human standards, but decidedly fierce and warlike.

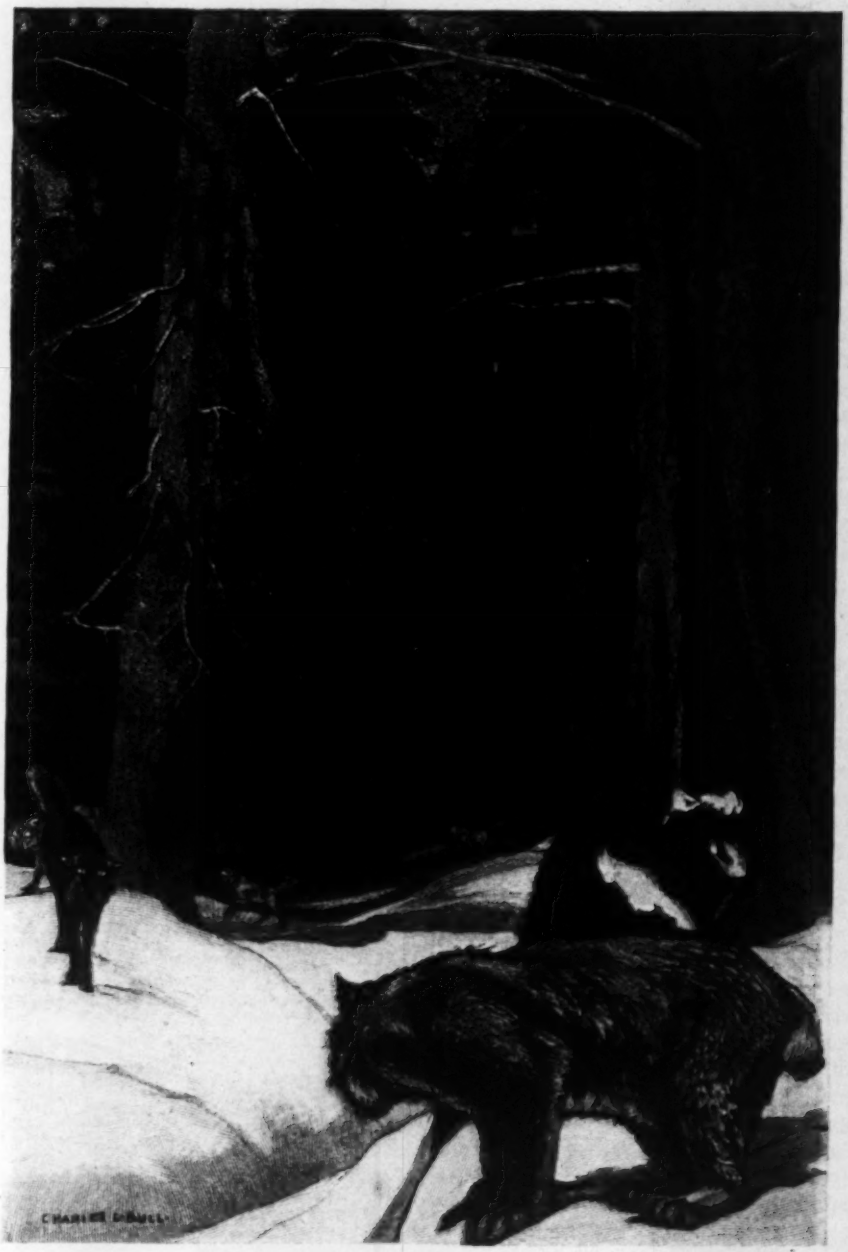
"Fairly trembled with eagerness and excitement as they passed, all unconscious, beneath his perch."

The last winter of his life was a hard one. The cold was intense, the snow was very deep, and the storms came often. Spruce-hens and partridges were scarce; even rabbits were hard to find; and sometimes it seemed to the two lynxes that they were the only living creatures left in all the woods. It was well for them that they had each other, for when one failed in the hunt the other sometimes succeeded. Yet I cannot help thinking that he might have been of more assistance to his mate if he had not confined his hunting operations so entirely to animals that were smaller and weaker than himself. There were plenty of deer down in the cedar swamp, and their tracks were as plain as a lumberman's logging road; but although he sometimes watched them from a treetop, and fairly trembled with eagerness and excitement as they passed, all unconscious, beneath his perch, he never could quite make up his mind to attack them. And yet, such were the contradictions of his nature, that one night he trotted half a mile in pursuit of a shanty-boy who was going home with a haunch of venison over his shoulder. He was just about to spring on him from behind when another man appeared. Two against one were too many, and he gave it up and beat a retreat without either of them seeing him. He had had a pretty close call, for the shanty-boy had a revolver in his pocket.

Perhaps you have guessed, that aside from any question of heroism, he was not quite so wise as he looked. I don't think he really needed as many wits as did some of the other people of the woods, for he was larger and stronger and better armed than most of them. Even to a lynx, however, the time is pretty sure to come, sooner or later, when he needs them in his business. Your fellow-citizens of the woods may leave you respectfully alone, but the trapper-man will get you if you don't watch out.

Early in March he found some more snow-shoe tracks. He wasn't particularly hungry this time, and there was absolutely no excuse for his following them. It certainly wasn't bravery that inspired him, for he had not the least idea of attacking any one. He simply wanted to see where the trail led. So he took a course parallel to it, and at a recklessly slight distance to one side, and went plowing his way through the soft drifts, wallowing heavily and working hard, for eight or ten inches of light, fluffy snow had fallen the day before, and even his big, broad, furry paws could not bear him up.

"Didn't really look as if it were good to eat, and yet it might be."



"He saw several others still farther away, slinking from bush to bush, and gradually drawing nearer.

Presently he caught sight of a little piece of scarlet cloth fastened to a stick that stood upright in the snow a few feet from the trail. It ought to have been a warning to him, but it only roused his foolish curiosity to a still higher pitch, as the trapper knew it would. Instead of running away, as he should have done, he sat down in the snow and considered. The thing didn't really look as if it were good to eat, and yet it might be. The only way to find out would be to taste it, and, anyhow, eatable or not, such a bit of bright color was very attractive to the eye. He got up and walked slowly toward it, and the first thing he knew a steel trap had him by the right foreleg.

He suddenly lost all interest in pieces of red flannel, and for the next few minutes he was the very maddest cat in all the Great Tahquamenon Swamp. The woods rang and rang again with his screaming, and the rabbits heard it and trembled, and the partridges, hidden away among the thick branches of the spruces and cedars, glanced furtively over their shoulders, and were glad that he was no nearer.

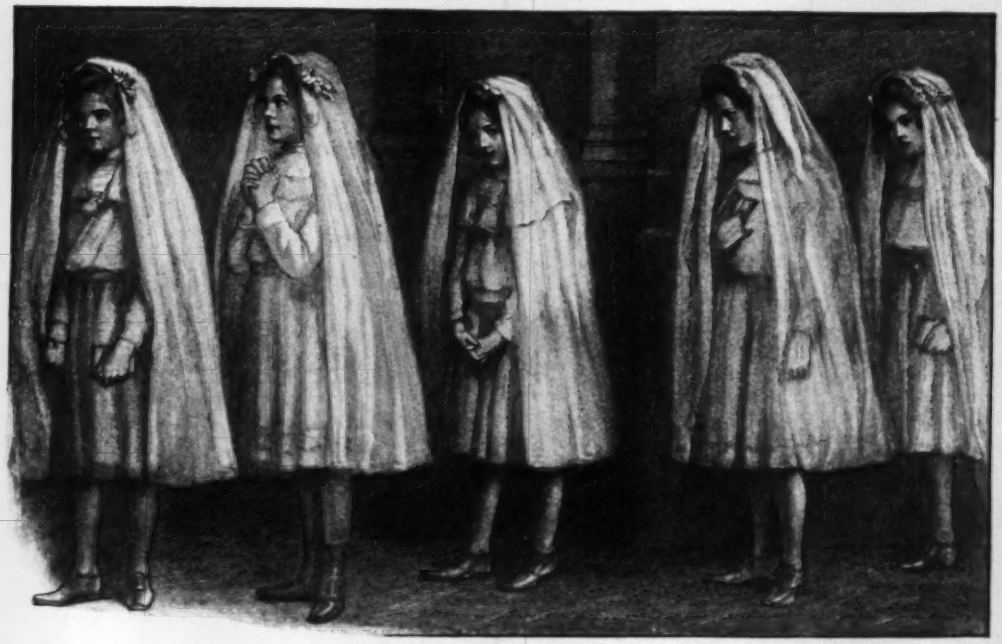
But after a while he began to realize that this sort of thing did him no good. Luckily he was not bound to a tree. A heavy wooden clog was fastened to the trap by a short chain, and he found that by pulling with all his might he could drag it at a snail's pace through the snow. The strain on his foot hurt him cruelly, and the blood oozed out around the steel jaws, and left a line of bright crimson stains behind him; but he pushed on, for a great fear was in his heart, and he knew that he must go away or die. How he growled and snarled with fear and rage and pain, and how his eyes flamed as he looked ahead to see what was before him, or back along the trail to know if the trapper was coming! It was a terrible journey that he made that night.

The hours dragged by, slow as his pace and heavy as his clog. Far away in the east the sky began to brighten ever so little, though to the lynx, down among the shadows of the deep woods, it seemed as dark as ever. The day was coming, and he was hardly halfway home. His strength was almost gone, he was faint from loss of blood, and he looked thinner and smaller than fifteen hours before. And now he suddenly discovered that he was not alone. Off to the right, in among some thick bushes, he caught sight of the lurking form of a timber wolf. He looked to the left, and there was another. Behind him was a third, and he thought he saw several others still farther away, slinking from bush to bush, and gradually drawing nearer. Ordinarily they would hardly have thought of tackling him, and if they had really screwed up their courage and tried to overpower him by sheer force of numbers, he would simply have climbed a tree. But now it was different. The lynx trembled, and seemed to shrink to half his normal size; and then, as all the horror and the hopelessness of it burst upon him, he lifted up his voice in such a cry of abject fear, such a wail of utter agony and despair, as even the Great Tahquamenon Swamp had very seldom heard.

And yet when the last moment came, he braced up and gave a good account of himself. At least that was what the trapper decided when he came a few hours later and looked the ground over. The lynx was gone—not even a broken bone of him was left—but in the trodden, red-stained snow there was the record of an awful struggle. There was something heroic about him, after all.

"Growled and snarled with fear and rage and pain."

Once more, in the same old hollow tree by the Glimmerglass, a big gray cat lay down in a lonely bed, and rose again to take up a double burden of toil and care. For such is the way of the woods.



ALL THE WINDS OF DOCTRINE

BY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

EMMY LOU was now a Big Girl. One climbed from floor to floor as one went up in Readers. With the Fifth Reader one reached the dizzy eminence of top. Emmy Lou now stood, as it were, upon a peak in Darien and stared at the great unknown, rolling ahead, called The Grammar School.

Behind, descended the grades of one's achievements back to the A, B, C of things. One had once been a pygmy part of the Primer World on the first floor oneself, and from there had gazed upward at the haloed beings peopling these same Fifth Reader Heights.

But Emmy Lou felt that somehow she was failing to experience the expected sense of dizzy height, or the joy of perquisite and privilege. To be sure, being a Big Girl, she found herself at recess one of many, taking hands in long, undulating line, and, like the Assyrian, sweeping down on the fold, who, in the shape of little girls, fled shrieking before the onslaught.

But there had been a time when Emmy Lou had been a little girl and had fled, shrieking, herself. The memory kept her from quite enjoying the onslaught now, though of course a little girl of the under world is only a Primary and must be made to feel it. The privileged members of The Fifth Reader World are Intermediates.

They are other things, too. They are Episcopalians or Presbyterians or some other correspondingly polysyllabic thing, as the case may be. In this case, each seemed to be a different thing. Hattie first called the attention of Emmy Lou to it.

The Fifth Reader members ate lunch in groups. Without knowing it, one was growing gregarious. And as becomes a higher social state, one passed one's luncheon around.

Emmy Lou passed her luncheon around. Emmy Lou herself knew the joys of eating; and hers, too, was a hospitable soul. She brought liberal luncheons. On this day, between the disks of her beaten biscuit showed the pinkness of sliced ham.

Mary Agatha drew back. Mary Agatha was Emmy Lou's newest friend. "It's Friday," said Mary Agatha.

"Of course," said Rosalie, "I had forgot." Rosalie put her biscuit back.

"It's ham," said Rebecca Steinam.

Emmy Lou was hurt. It seemed almost like preconcerted reflection on her biscuits and her ham.

Hattie took Emmy Lou aside. "It's their religion," said Hattie, in tones of large tolerance. "We can eat anything, you and I, 'Piscopalians and Presbyterians."

"But Rosalie," said Emmy Lou. Rosalie, like Emmy Lou, was Episcopalian.

But Rosalie had joined Hattie and Emmy Lou. "My little brother's singing in the vested choir," said Rosalie, "and we're going to be High Church."

Hattie looked at Rosalie steadily. Then Hattie took another biscuit. Hattie took another biscuit deliberately, aggressively. It was as though, with Hattie, to take another biscuit was a matter of conscience and protest. Hattie was Presbyterian.

But to Emmy Lou biscuits and ham had lost their savor. Mary Agatha and Rosalie abjured biscuits, and Rebecca had drawn back at ham.

Emmy Lou admired Rebecca. Rebecca could reduce pounds and shillings to pence with a rapidity that Emmy Lou could not even follow. Yet Rebecca stooped from this eminence to help laboring Emmy Lou with her sums.

And Emmy Lou saw life through Rosalie's eyes. Emmy Lou trudged unquestioningly after, where the winged feet of Rosalie's fancy led. For yet about Rosalie's light footsteps trailed back some clouds of glory, and through the eyes of Rosalie one still caught visions of the glory and the dream.

And high as are the peaks of the Fifth Reader Heights, Mary Agatha stood on one yet higher. Mary Agatha went to Church, not only on Sundays, but on Saints' days. Mary Agatha loved to go to Church.

But, for the matter of that, Rebecca went to Church on Saturdays. When did Rebecca *play?*

To Emmy Lou Church meant several things. It meant going, when down in her depraved heart lay the knowledge she tried to hide even from herself, that she did not want to go. It meant a sore and troubled conscience, because her eye would travel ahead on the page to the Amens. The Amens signified the end. And it meant a fierce and unholy joy, that would not down, when that end came.

But Mary Agatha loved to go to Church. And Rebecca gave Saturdays to Church. And now Rosalie, who admired Mary Agatha, was taking to Church. No wonder that to Emmy Lou biscuits and ham were tasteless.

But the Fifth Reader is an Age of Reve-

"Hattie took Emmy Lou aside. 'It's their religion.'"

lation. One is more than an Intermediate. One is an Animal and a Biped. One had to confess it on paper in a Composition under the head of "Man."

One accepted the Intermediate and Biped easily, because of a haziness of comprehension, but to hear that one is an Animal was a shock.

But Miss Fanny said so. Miss Fanny also said the course in Language was absurd. She said it under her breath. She said it as Emmy Lou handed in her Composition on "Man."

Then it was so. One felt confidence in Miss Fanny's statements. Miss Fanny walked lightly, she laughed in her eyes, she spoke her mind. But one did not cherish it against Miss Fanny, though sometimes one smiled doubtfully back at her. Was Miss Fanny laughing at one?

Miss Fanny was a Real Person. The others had been Teachers. Miss Fanny had a Grandpapa. He was rich. And she had a Mamma who cried about Miss Fanny's teaching school. But her Grandpapa said he was proud of Miss Fanny.

Emmy Lou knew all about Miss Fanny. Miss Fanny's sister was Aunt Louise's best friend.

Mr. Bryan, the Principal, came often to the Fifth Reader room. He came for Language Lessons. Mr. Bryan told them he had himself introduced the Course in Language into the School Curriculum.

Its purpose, he explained, was to increase the comprehension and vocabulary of the child. The paucity of vocabulary, of even the average adult, he said, is lamentable.

"In all moments of verbal doubt and perplexity," said Mr. Bryan, "seek the Dictionary. In its pages you will find both vocabulary and elucidation."

Toward spring Religions became more absorbing than ever. One day Rebecca and Gertie and Rachel brought notes. Rebecca and Gertie and Rachel must thereafter be excused on certain days at an early hour for attendance at Confirmation Class.

Miss Fanny said "Of course." But she reminded them of Examination for the Grammar School looming ahead.

A little later a second influx of notes piled Miss Fanny's desk. Mary Agatha and Kitty and Nora and Anne must go at noon three times a week to their Confirmation Class.

Then Yetta and Paula could not come at all on their instruction days, because the Lutheran Church was far up-town in Germanberg. They, too, were making ready for Confirmation.

Again Miss Fanny reminded them all of Examination.

Just at this time Emmy Lou was having trouble of her own. It was Lent, which meant Church three times a week. Aunt Louise said Emmy Lou must go. She said Emmy Lou, being now a Big Girl, ought to want to go.

Rosalie, being High, had Church every afternoon. But Rosalie liked it. Emmy Lou feared she was the only one in all the class who did not like it.

Even Sadie must enjoy Church. For one day she missed in every lesson and lost her temper and cried. The next day she brought a note from her Mamma. She told Emmy Lou about it. It asked that Sadie be excused for missing. Because of the Revival at Sadie's Church, Sadie would be up late every night.

Mr. Bryan was in the room when Miss Fanny read this note. She handed it to him.

"To each year its evils, I suppose," said Miss Fanny; "to the Primer its whooping-cough and measles, to the First Reader the shedding of its incisors. With the Fifth Reader comes the inoculation of doctrines. We are living the Ten Great Religions."

Mr. Bryan laid the note down. He said he must caution Miss Fanny that, as Principal or as Teacher, neither he nor she had anything to do with the religions of the children intrusted to their care. And he must remind Miss Fanny that these problems of school life could not be met with levity. He hoped Miss Fanny would take this as he meant it, kindly.

The class listened breathlessly. Was Miss Fanny treating their religions with levity? What is levity?

It was Emmy Lou who asked the others when they sought to pin the accusation to Miss Fanny.

Mary Agatha looked it up in the Dictionary. Then she reported: "Lightness of conduct, want of weight, inconstancy, vanity, frivolity." She told it off with low and accusing enunciation.

It sounded grave. Emmy Lou was troubled. Could Miss Fanny be all this? Could she be guilty of levity?

It was soon after that Mary Agatha brought a note. She told Rosalie and Emmy Lou about it. It asked that Mary Agatha be allowed a seat to herself. This, Mary Agatha explained, was because, preparatory to Con-

"Mary Agatha was as one already apart from things secular."

firmation, she was trying to keep her mind from secular things, and a seat to herself would help her to do it.

To Rosalie and Emmy Lou, Mary Agatha was as one already apart from things secular. To them the look on her clear, pale little profile was already rapt.

But Mary Agatha went on to tell them why she was different from Kitty or Nora, or the others of her Confirmation Class. It was because she was going to be a Bride of Heaven.

Rosalie listened, awed. But Emmy Lou did not quite understand.

Mary Agatha looked pityingly at her. "You know what a bride is? And you know what's Heaven?"

The bell rang. Emmy Lou returned to the mental eminence of her Fifth Reader Heights, still hazy. Yet she hardly needed the Dictionary, for she knew a bride. Aunt Katie had been a bride. With a diamond star. And presents. And Emmy Lou knew Heaven.

Though lately Emmy Lou's ideas of Heaven had broadened. Hitherto, Heaven, conceived of the primitive, primary mind, had been a matter of vague numbers seated in parallel rows, answering to something akin to Roll Call, and awarded accordingly. But lately, a birthday had brought Emmy Lou a book called "Tanglewood Tales." And Heaven had since taken on an Olympian coloring and diversity more complex and perplexing.

Miss Fanny read Mary Agatha's note. Miss Fanny looking down at her said that she wondered, since every desk was in use in its dual capacity, if Mary Agatha were to devote herself quite closely to reducing pounds to pence, would it not be possible for her to forget her nearness to things secular?

Mary Agatha was poor in Arithmetic. And Miss Fanny was laughing in her eyes. Was Miss Fanny laughing at Mary Agatha?

Mary Agatha cried at recess. She said her Papa furnished pokers and tongs and shovels and dust-pans for the Public Schools, and he would see to it that she had a seat to herself if she wanted it.

But when the class went up from recess, there was a seat for Mary Agatha. Miss Fanny had sent the note down to Mr. Bryan, and he had arranged it. It was a table from the office, and a stool. For want of other place, they stood beneath the blackboard in front of the class. It was a high stool.

Being told, Mary Agatha gathered her books together and went and climbed upon her stool, apart from things secular.

Miss Fanny turned to Mr. Bryan. "For the propagation of infant Saint Stylites," said Miss Fanny.

"Ur-r—exactly," said Mr. Bryan. He said it a little, perhaps, doubtfully.

Suddenly Mr. Bryan grew red. He had caught Miss Fanny's eyes laughing. And her mouth twitching. Was Miss Fanny laughing at Mr. Bryan? What about?

Mr. Bryan went out. He closed the door. It closed sharply.

Then everything came at once. Hot weather, and roses and syringa piling Miss Fanny's desk, and Reviews for Examination, and Confirmations.

Mary Agatha asked them to hers. Rosalie and Emmy Lou went. The great doors at Mary Agatha's Church opened and closed behind them. It was high and dim. There were twinkling lights, and silence, and awe, and color. Something quivered. It burst forth. It was music. It was almost as if it hurt. One drew deep breath and shut one's eyes a moment because it hurt. One opened them. The aisles were filled with little girls in misty white and floating veils, stealing forward.

And Mary Agatha was among them.

Rosalie told Emmy Lou she meant some day to belong to Mary Agatha's Church. Emmy Lou thought she would, too.

But afterward Emmy Lou found herself wavering. Was Emmy Lou's a sordid soul? For next came Confirmation at the Synagogue, and that, it seemed, meant presents. Gertie wore to school a locket on a glittering chain. Rebecca showed a new ring. Emmy Lou's faith was wavering.

About this time Miss Fanny spoke her mind. Because of excuses and absences, because of abstractions and absorptions, Miss Fanny said marks were low. She reminded them of Examination for the Grammar School near at hand. Then she asked a little girl named Sally why she had failed to hand in her Composition.

Sally said her Church was having a season of prayer, and her Mother said Sally was old enough now to go, and as it was both afternoons and evenings, Sally had had no time to write a Composition.

Miss Fanny told Sally to remain in at recess and write it. Mr. Bryan had inquired for her Composition.

Sally remained, in tears. The subject for her Composition was "Duty."

Miss Fanny put her hand on Sally's shoulder and said something about a divided duty. And Sally cried some more, and Miss Fanny sat down at the desk and helped her.

Emmy Lou saw it all. Emmy Lou had come upstairs, in a moment of doubt and perplexity, to consult the Dictionary. The word was *heretic*.

It was this way. They had been in a group at recess. Mary Agatha was dividing her button string. Mary Agatha said she had given up worldly things, and it would be a sin for her to own a button string.

She offered Hattie a button. Hattie refused it; she said if it was a sin to own a button string, why should Mary Agatha offer her buttons to other people, and she walked off. Hattie had an uncompromising way of putting things. Hattie was a Presbyterian.

Emmy Lou felt anxious. She had been offered a button first and had taken it gratefully. Her button string was short.

But Mary Agatha assured her that she and Hattie and the others of the group could own button strings where Mary Agatha could not. A mere matter of a button string made small difference. They were Heretics.

"Gertie wore to school a locket on a glittering chain. Rebecca showed a new ring."

Rosalie put her arm about Emmy Lou. Being High Church, she did not take it to herself. She took it for Emmy Lou.

Emmy Lou hesitated. Ought she to be offended? Was she a Heretic? Emmy Lou was cautious, for she had contradicted Hattie about being an Animal, and then had to confess on paper that such she was.

But Sadie had no doubts. Sadie, following the revival, had joined the Church, and she felt she knew where she stood. "I'd have you know," said Sadie, "I'm a Christian," and Sadie began to cry.

Rebecca Steinam lifted her black eyes. She gave her beringed little hand a dramatic and conclusive wave. "You're all of you Gentiles," said Rebecca.

Emmy Lou left the group. As Animal, Biped, Intermediate, Low

Church, Episcopalian, Gentile, and possibly Heretic, she went upstairs to seek the Dictionary. It was a moment of doubt and perplexity. With laboring absorption she and her index finger pored over the page.

"One whose errors are doctrinal and usually of a malignant character—" Ought she to be offended?

The bell rang. The class filed in. Sadie's eyes were red. Miss Fanny tried not to see her—her eyes were chronically red. But so insistently and ostentatiously did Sadie continue to mop them, that Miss Fanny was compelled to take notice.

Sadie told her grievances. Her voice broke on Heretic, and she wept afresh at Gentile.

Miss Fanny was outdone. She said they had better all be little Heretics than little Pharisees. She said she only needed a few infant Turks and Infidels, and her sectarian Babel would be complete.

That day there were more notes. Miss Fanny gave them this time. To Sadie and Mary Agatha and Rebecca and Sally among others.

Emmy Lou heard about the notes afterward. Each said the same thing. Each said that Sadie or Rebecca or Mary Agatha or whichever little girl it might be, had repeatedly fallen below; that she had not for weeks given her mind to her lessons, and she could not conscientiously be recommended as ready for Examination for the Grammar School.

The next day, near recess, there came a knock at the Fifth Reader door. Sadie's Mamma came in. Sadie grew red. One always grows red when it is one's relative who comes in. Sadie's Mamma was a pale little lady who cried. She cried now. She said that for Sadie to be kept back for no other reason than her natural piety, was evidence of a personal dislike. She said Miss Fanny had upheld another little girl who called Sadie a Heretic.

Miss Fanny asked Sadie's Mamma to sit down on the bench. Recess was near, and then Miss Fanny could talk.

There came a knock at the door. A lady with black eyes came in. Rebecca got red. It was Rebecca's Mamma. She said Rebecca had always done well at school. She said Rebecca was grand at figures. She said Miss Fanny had thrown her religion at Rebecca, and had called her a Pharisee.

Miss Fanny asked Rebecca's Mamma to sit down on the bench. It would soon be recess.

Sadie's Mamma and Rebecca's Mamma looked at each other coldly.

The door opened. Sally got red. Sally looked frightened. It was Sally's Mamma. The flower in her bonnet shook when she talked. She said Sally had refused to go to Church for fear of Miss Fanny. And because Sally had been made to do her religious duty she was being threatened with failure——

"She and her index finger pored over the page."

Miss Fanny interrupted Sally's Mamma to say there was the bench, if she cared to sit down. At recess Miss Fanny would be at leisure.

Mr. Bryan threw open the door. Mary Agatha grew pink as Mr. Bryan waved in a slender lady with trailing silken skirts and reproachful eyes. It was Mary Agatha's Mamma. She said that even with the note, threatening Mary Agatha with failure, she could not have believed it true; that Miss Fanny disliked Mary Agatha because of the seat to herself; that Miss Fanny had classed Mary Agatha with Turks and Infidels—but since Mr. Bryan had just admitted down-stairs that he had had to caution Miss Fanny about this matter of religion——

Miss Fanny looked at Mr. Bryan. Then she rang the bell. It was not yet recess-time; but since Miss Fanny rang the bell, the Fifth Reader Class filed out wonderingly. Miss Fanny, looking at Mr. Bryan, had a queer smile in her eyes. Yet it was not as though Miss Fanny's smile was laughter.

But, after all, Sadie and Mary Agatha and Sally and Rebecca did try at Examination. Miss Fanny, it seemed, insisted they should. A teacher from the Grammar School came and examined the class.

Later, one went back to find out. There was red ink written across the reports of Sadie and Sally and Mary Agatha and Rebecca. It said "Failure."

Emmy Lou breathed. There was no red ink on her report. Emmy Lou had passed for the Grammar School.

Down-stairs Mary Agatha said her Papa would see to it because she had failed. Her Papa furnished pokers and shovels for the

Schools, and her Papa would call on the Board.

Mary Agatha's Papa did see to it. And the Papas of Sadie and Sally and Rebecca supported him. They called it religious persecution. They wanted Miss Fanny removed.

Emmy Lou heard about it at home. It was vacation.

Uncle Charlie owned a newspaper. It was for Miss Fanny. And Miss Fanny's Grandpapa, talking at the gate with Uncle Charlie, struck the pavement hard with his cane. He'd see about it, too, said her Grandpapa. Emily Lou heard him.

But when it came time for the Board to meet, Miss Fanny, it seemed, had resigned. Aunt Louise read it out of the paper at breakfast.

"How strange—" said Aunt Louise.

"Not at all," said Uncle Charlie.

Aunt Louise said, "Oh!" She was reading on down the column:

"—resignation by request, because the Board, in recognition of her merit and record as Teacher, has appointed her Principal of the new school on Elm Street."

"But she's not a man," said Emmy Lou when it had been explained to her. Emmy Lou was bewildered.

"It's a departure," said Uncle Charlie.

"Don't tease her, Charlie," said Aunt Cordelia.

Emmy Lou felt troubled. She liked Miss Fanny. She could not bear to contemplate Miss Fanny in the guise of Principal. One could never like Miss Fanny then any more.

Miss Fanny's Mamma had cried because Miss Fanny was a Teacher, Emmy Lou remembered. But that was nothing to this. Some Teachers could be nice. Miss Fanny had been nice. But to be a Principal!

Emmy Lou had known but one type. She looked up from her plate. "I reckon Miss Fanny's Mamma will cry some more," said Emmy Lou.

REQUIESCAM.

By Julian Hinckley.

As sinks the ship at sea,
When all is still and the evening dark makes haste,
So let my passing be
Into the bosom of that unfathomed waste
Where dwell the mingled races of the globe.
After this voyage short,
In peace may I take up my destined robe,
For aye in port.

Nor, when my days are gone,
Let as a derelict my evil float.
Let not the ocean mourn
O'er harm surviving death. Be there no mote
Of discontent left on the tide of man;
But o'er that ocean's breast
Let ripples spread in peace 'neath Heaven's span,
When I shall rest.

DENIS MULVIHILL, STOKER AND MAYOR.

A TRUE DEMOCRAT OF TO-DAY.

By Maurice Sherman Porter.

AN IRISHMAN WHO SERVES NO MACHINE.

DENIS MULVIHILL, the new Mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, has shoveled coal for the past quarter of a century in the great furnace-room of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company of his city. Many a man has risen higher from a lower level, and many an American city is ruled by men who began life nearer the bottom; Richard Croker in New York, for example. But the rise of the boss is a commonplace story compared with the case of Denis Mulvihill. He is a freely chosen mayor. He has no machine, and knows no boss. His elevation did not come as a reward for services to a political organization. He never was a heeler, and he never was a party leader. To be sure, he always attended the primaries of his party, and he voted regularly at the polls; but he went to the primaries as a citizen, to make his party do right, and he usually carried pasters into his voting booth. It took him three minutes to paste up the ticket he headed as mayor. Denis, as he loves still to be called, was a stoker when he was nominated, and he stuck to his work till he was elected. He did not "demand," he did not even ask the nomination; the people asked him to run, and, having consented, he did not go out and make a personal canvass. "If the people want me, they will elect me," he said, at the furnace door, and the people did elect him, by the largest majority ever given a mayor of Bridgeport.

Mr. Mulvihill has studied the affairs of his town ever since he came there. "I used to read the newspapers," he said, "and I thought about things, I guess. I was saving some money and investing it, so I understood some economy. Then I went to the primaries, and I saw what was up most of the time." But he thought about facts, and he drew conclusions slowly and with care. He is not a second Tom Johnson, let it be understood. In the first place, he is not wealthy; in the second, his intercourse with men has been limited to a few associates, and for the last four and a half years to the members of the common council of Barnum's old town; and, in the third place, he is without the training obtained by those who may be favored by circumstances. Neither is he a prototype of Jones of Toledo. He is not a student of theories; he is a practitioner of practicalities.

THE BOY'S FONDNESS FOR FIGURING.

He is a plain, rugged son of toil, shrewd and calculating to the extreme. He has two guides in life. They are economy and prudence. Outside of these two guides he has ventured but little. He was born in Ballygian, South Ireland, fifty-eight years ago. His father, Nicholas, was a farmer, and with the good wife, Carroll, worked from early morning until late at night, striving for the support of the family which, beside themselves, consisted of four sons and a daughter.

It was in this little home that the future mayor learned the lesson of economy that was to guide him the remainder of his life. He went to the parish school and learned his letters. He was not much of a student, but he was attentive, and when he had assimilated a doctrine, he proved the fact by exploiting his knowledge. He was fond of arithmetic, and his intimacy with figures helped him later.

His stay at school was shortened by the needs of the household. He was big and strong, and it was right that he should contribute to the needs of the others; so to work he went before he was fifteen years of age. He served his father on the farm, and served him well and faithfully. His life was uneventful, even prosaic. He did not study at nights; he held no book in his hand, as he followed the cattle to pasture. He worked, simply worked.

One day he came across a newspaper, and in its columns he read of the New World across the seas. He had heard of America and talked of it, but the newspaper gave him his first sense of communication with it, and from an account of the events then occurring there, he was filled with a desire for a change and a determination to become something. He spoke to his parents about it. They encouraged him. He talked with his neighbors, and they stimulated his desire. He went to work to accumulate the money. To a little store of savings, earned on the farm, he added for two years, until one day he took an inventory, discovered he had enough, and quietly, without much emotion, embarked on the next steamer and began his long journey.

NEVER WITHOUT A JOB.

It was thirty-five years ago when he landed in Boston. He was not penniless, his store of savings was by no means exhausted, but he sought the most inexpensive quarters first, and then work. There is something in the man's seriousness which appeals to everybody with whom he has ever come in contact; so his quest for work in Boston was soon successful. But he did not like it, and soon left to take a situation as fireman, in Waltham, Massachusetts. Here he remained four years, when he read in the newspapers of the establishment of a new interest in the city of Bridgeport. In 1876 he took up his abode in that city, becoming the assistant fireman of the Wheeler & Wilson Company.

He has the good fortune to make friends with almost every one. For the past twenty-five years, at a few minutes to seven o'clock in the morning, he has trudged across Washington Park. He has never been late to his work. He soon became known, and there was many a "Good-morning, Denis," to which he always responded, "Good-morning, sir."

DENIS'S HOUSE AND LOT.

It is an actual fact that he wore the same "stout coat," as he calls it, for ten winters. Originally brown, it was faded by the sun and the storms to a purple hue. He is neat in person always, and his luminous blue eyes, peering from under heavy eyebrows, are bright and anticipative of the cheery greetings he is wont to receive. Yet he is reticent in manner. One day the records in the town clerk's office showed that he had purchased a plot of ground. In the shop the men discussed this news and gossiped about it. They did not think it exactly strange, but they knew that Denis was getting something under fifteen dollars a week, so they surmised that he had received a sum of money from home and was branching out. On the way home from the factory one of the men joined him, and remarked that he supposed Denis would probably erect a house. With the same kind expression, the same earnestness which has ever distinguished him, Denis replied: "When I have money enough to pay for a part of the building, I will begin."

A little later he married a Miss Lee, a devoted and saving helpmate. While Denis worked at shoveling coal, this brave, patient woman saved at home. Their first child was a son, whom they called Cornelius. And then the neighbors awoke one morning and read in their newspaper that a permit to erect a dwelling had been granted by the city authorities to Denis Mulvihill.

The economy that has been practised in that little household is almost too sacred to parade. The husband saved and the wife saved, and out of the fourteen dollars per week received by the father, a goodly portion was deposited in the savings-bank. A daughter was born, and she was named Honora, and then two years later there was another son, who bears the name of Denis, Jr. With the sister from Ireland, who came years ago, the household is complete. The oldest boy, Cornelius, is now seventeen years of age, and is a student in the high school; his brother and his sister are also in the schools.

This was the mayor's life up to ten years ago. He soon paid for his house (I say soon, though it was a question of years), and when he saw that he was going to clear his title, he purchased another parcel of land, and, practising the same methods, erected a tenement, and then later purchased another plot, and on this caused to be built a substantial dwelling containing apartments for the accommodation of four families.

There he lives. The house is an unpretentious one on Maple Street in the eastern section of the city. It is comfortably built, and the vacant ground adjoining on the left was purchased by the mayor several years ago. Though he did not then possess the means to build, he decided, nevertheless, that it could be utilized. "There is a use for everything," is one of his maxims. Accordingly he went to his tenants in the block,

workingmen like himself, and informed them that a certain number of square feet of the ground had been set aside for their use, and that they might grow vegetables and flowers to their hearts' content. And they have been doing so ever since.

ALDERMAN MULVIHILL OF THE TENTH.

His entrance into politics was not of his own seeking. He is a Democrat, and was religious in attendance at the meeting of his district organization, but he held no office and never worked at the polls. He was regarded as a consistent Democrat, one who could be relied upon to vote the ticket, and never object to any of the party's doings. But those who supposed this erred, for one day the future mayor began a discussion of city affairs with a fellow-workman, and his ideas of "economy and prudence" so won the auditor, that he spread the fame of Mulvihill about the shop. Among the nine hundred or more men there were many who carried his fame outside, so Denis began to have a reputation for sense and honesty.

Four years and a half ago the Democrats of the tenth district wanted a candidate for alderman. The district is usually Republican, and they had about decided to ask neighbor Coughlin, a well-known merchant to run, when one of the shopmen suggested the name of Denis Mulvihill. When Coughlin heard the suggestion he promptly said:

"There is the man. Ask him to run, and I will take my team and bring in the voters."

So they did. One bleak morning several of the organization descended to the boiler-room, and without ado sought the fireman and said:

"Denis, we want you to run for alderman."

There was a smile on the future mayor's coal-begrimed face, as he looked up and reflected. But he, too, was prompt.

"Well, if the boys want me, I will take it, but I would just as soon you would get somebody else."

He was nominated without opposition. He came to the primary and heard the news, and listened with a smile to the faint hand-clapping. Then he went home, and the next morning was at work as usual. He said nothing about his canvass until a few days before election. Then he went to the headquarters of his party, made inquiries as to the prospects, and retired. He was elected by a good majority, and in a few weeks presented himself at the organization of the council. It was new to him, and he frankly showed it.

PITCHING INTO THINGS.

He listened with his soul in his eyes to the transaction of the business, the reading of the message from the mayor, the calling of the bills, and the eloquence of the opposing leaders. He was made a member of the finance committee, practically an auditing board, and it was there he became noted in the city. He began to object to bills. He asked questions, and finally in a speech he carried his opposition to a bill upon the floor of the council.

It was a small bill, but he objected to it because he thought it was exorbitant. When the report of the majority was presented, he rose to his feet and turned and faced the crowd of spectators, instead of the mayor, who usually presides, and gave his reasons for the objection. He was not eloquent, not even impressive, but he was serious. His plea was for economy. "We should be prudent and economical." This was his speech.

He was defeated. He expected to be defeated. That was his reason for addressing the spectators; they were the citizens whose money was being spent and they were concerned, not the aldermen and their officers, who were on the other side. He had done his duty, and he was not daunted.

The next meeting he disapproved of another bill, and the leaders on the other side squelched him with parliamentary rules. But Mulvihill cared little for that. At the next meeting he introduced a resolution asking for the investigation of a city transaction. This time there was a howl.

"Who is this man?" asked the Republican leader, of the Democratic captain.

"Oh, he is just Denis Mulvihill. Works over in Wheeler & Wilson's."

"Guess you had better speak to him," said the Republican leader.

Denis was "seen," as it is called. The meeting had just adjourned, and a fellow-member stepped up to him.

"Busy meeting," said the alderman who was seeing the "kicker."

"Yes, sir," replied Denis.

"Some of the boys are going down to have a little refreshment; won't you come along?"

"I thank you, sir," was Mulvihill's reply, "but I never go where I cannot take others."

MULVIHILL'S FIRST BIG VICTORY.

He turned and walked out of the building. He was not "seen" again, and he continued to read the financial figures and object. Once the mayor, Thomas P. Taylor, disagreed with a majority of the Democrats and several of the Republicans on a question of policy. The night for the taking of the vote arrived. The council chamber was crowded. Feeling ran high. It was known that the Democrats would leave the chamber in a body, and that two Republicans, sufficient to defeat the will of the mayor, would follow. A complete Democratic defection was expected, which would leave the mayor minus one vote.

The speeches were over and the roll-call was started. Democrat after Democrat left the room as his name was called, and the two Republicans followed suit.

"Mulvihill!" roared the clerk.

The shoveler arose from his seat.

In a voice quivering with emotion, his nostrils dilated, and his face distorted by nervous twitches, he thundered out:

"I think Mayor Taylor is right, and I vote aye."

Such a roar! The crowd yelled like mad. Back from the committee rooms came the absentees to learn the cause of the excitement, and when they saw the same Denis Mulvihill sitting there looking happy, and surveying the mayor with a pleased expression, one of the most interested Democrats ejaculated:

"What could the Tenth have been thinking of when they sent that thing to the council?"

When his term expired he was asked to run again, and he consented in much the same fashion as before. He was opposed for the nomination, but carried the primary. There was a great fight made against him at the polls, but in spite of the opposition he ran hundreds ahead of his ticket.

PROBING AND OBSTRUCTING.

The last two and a half years of his service as alderman were very busy for him and for the other members of the body. He remonstrated against so many bills that they called him the "Watch-dog of the Treasury," a "crank," "rattle-head," and everything else that was odious to them; but he did not stop. He was left off the finance committee, but he slyly offered a very innocent-looking resolution, which was passed without suspicion. When studied, it showed that he was practically a member of the committee. The resolution provided that each member of the council be furnished with a report of the finance committee at least three days before the meeting of the council. No one else read these reports, but Denis did, and he knew exactly what was being done; they furnished him ammunition for his fight for economy. But he broadened out. He called for itemized accounts of some municipal committee; then the railroad company was asked by what authority it obstructed a right of way to the harbor; public officials were questioned in resolutions. The opposition ridiculed and denounced him, his own party members would not countenance him, but he did not stop probing.

The mayoralty election was now in sight. The Republicans had renominated Hugh Stirling, a strong man. The Democrats were disorganized. Man after man was mentioned only to decline. One morning a well-known party worker said in desperation:

"Why, what's the matter with Denis Mulvihill?"

"OLD RUGGED HONESTY."

The cry was taken up. "Mulvihill! Mulvihill!" came from the Tenth. In the Wheeler & Wilson shop there was a perfect frenzy of excitement and joy at the suggestion. But there was opposition in his own party, and it developed at the primaries. It was swept away like so much chaff before the wind, and when on the day after the primaries the delegations were looked over, it was found that the alderman from the Tenth had carried the day.

He was nominated amid such scenes as were never witnessed in the city before. The convention was little short of a riot when his name was mentioned.

The crowds cheered and cheered, and when he was brought before the meeting, smiling and dazed, he was almost hysterically greeted. His speech was very short. He thanked the delegates for the honor, and hoped to be a good mayor, and then bringing his fist down on the table, and with eyes blazing, he thundered:

"We must have prudence and economy in our affairs and no junketing trips." It was the same old speech, but it worked.

The next day the cry was "Mulvihill! Mulvihill!" everywhere.

The independent papers pronounced for him, five ex-mayors, all Republicans, bolted

their party ticket, and declared for him, and when a leading citizen referred to him as "Rugged Honesty," the phrase was caught up for a battle-cry. The opposition paper said he was a stoker, and the town shook with indignation.

"Suppose he is a stoker!" yelled his partizans. "He is the 'rugged-honesty' candidate, and is good enough for us."

The campaign was an unusual one indeed. The Republicans made a valiant fight. Led by a former mayor, the canvass was a strenuous one in every sense of the word. In all the excitement the coal-shoveler was quietly working, as always, at the furnace. When they said that he was not qualified to act as the director of affairs, he simply replied that he guessed the property he had amassed would prove whether he was or not. And when the campaign waxed hottest, and a partizan in a moment of excitement asked the shoveler to explain why he had remained in one position for thirty years, the future mayor said never a word, but invited as many workmen as were near to come with him to stand before a photographer, who was going to take his photograph in cap and jumpers. Denis spread the other workmen around about him, seated himself in a chair in front of the central boiler, then called "Abe" Heaton, the old engineer, who had worked in the place just ahead of him for years. When the photographer was ready, Mulvihill called to him to "wait a minute."

"Abe," said the fireman, "they want to know why I have not advanced."

He looked up at the engineer whose place Denis would not have taken. Heaton looked down, and tears streamed down his face. He and Denis knew, the crowd understood, and the cheer that went up was repeated all over that town and all through the campaign.

Election Day came, and when the votes were counted, the shoveler was found to have received a majority of 3,385. He was in the office of the Democratic town-chairman when the news was brought to him. As he was informed of the fact, and the little band started a cheer, he leaned over a trifle in his chair, and almost whispered:

"It was a great victory."

THE MAYOR'S FIRST RIDE IN A CAB.

That was all. In the gathering of the crowd and the excitement he was informed that in all probability the crowds would serenade him before the night had passed.

"Well, then, I guess I had better go over home."

"We'll call a cab," said the chairman.

"Oh, never mind," remarked the mayor. "I will just walk over as I have always done."

"But you'll be mobbed if the crowds on the streets see you," replied the chairman.

So he took the cab and was driven home, and he paid for the ride just as he paid his own election expenses. The checks which many citizens sent him to use in the campaign were all returned. The new mayor was going to be indebted to the people, and to no one but the people.

An hour after he got home, a crowd of five thousand persons was frantically acclaiming him, and, when he came out on the little porch and saw the multitude, he broke down. He stood while the cheering prevailed, then huskily blurted out, "I thank you for the honor," and ran into the house and sought the faithful and loving wife. As they came into the parlor, even the intimate friends withdrew.

There was something in the face of the new mayor which was so serious, so pathetic, so unusual, that it needed no spoken hint to tell his associates that the two hearts wanted to be alone in their new joy and glory.

"PRUDENCE AND ECONOMY."

The following Monday the inauguration took place. It was the scene of a great gathering, not of great men and politicians, but of workingmen, merchants, and the great mass of common people. Precisely at noon the old mayor and the new mayor entered the old council chamber. There was a great cheer. The new executive stepped to the center of the platform and responded to the oath in firm tones. Then he turned to the sea of faces and said:

"I thank you for the honor. I hope that you will be as glad two years hence as you are now."

Without further thought for the future, Mayor Mulvihill went about his city's business. His methods are very like those of Alderman Mulvihill. He probes. It is just as if he were managing his own houses and the vacant lot where the vegetables of his tenants grow. He walks about the town looking into this, asking questions about that, and nothing that is the town's is beneath his notice. Sewers, gutters, street pavements, the collection of garbage, the bridges and the telephone poles, the fire-

houses and stables, the police—all the departments—he looks into himself. There are boards and commissioners in charge, but Denis Mulvihill represents the people, not rings or cliques or interests or contractors; so he inquires, finds out, reprimands, and acts without much regard for those others. Best of all, however, he knows of his own personal knowledge more than any of his commissioners can learn from the reports of their subordinates.

The mayor's first undertaking was to stop the building of a new city hall, the proposed cost of which was $425,000. The old building was good enough. Too small, it yet has room enough for more business than is transacted in the City Hall of New York, and it is well built and has beauty. Mr. Mulvihill had opposed the change when he was an alderman, and had been outvoted, but now with his increased power he declared his purpose to defeat the project, and for the old reason, economy. "It is bad policy," he said, "to put up a building, when you have to borrow *all* the money." Hasn't he himself a vacant lot next to his house to be built on some day? And he is willing to borrow part of the money, but not all. He would do by the city as he does by himself.

The plans for the new city hall had friends, and the contest promised to be sharp and hard. The citizens became excited over it. The Democratic majority in the council was alarmed, dreading defeat on the first position taken with their mayor. But the mayor was cool. Before a room crowded with people come to see the stoker preside over the council and fight with it for economy, he stood dignified, sure, and determined. The chamber was decorated for the occasion.

From his shopmates came an immense chair of flowers inscribed, "The People's Mayor. Old Rugged Honesty." This was placed on his table. But flowers were everywhere. The desks of the members also were covered with them. When it was time to call the meeting to order, from the side office came the quiet-looking mayor. The crowds cheered, and he smiled, and they cheered all the louder, and when he ascended the rostrum the ovation was so tremendous that he had to raise his hand for silence.

Then the debate began. At first the advantage was all with the friends of the project. The Democratic aldermen, as if overwhelmed by the arguments, were silent, and the mayor saw that he must lead the debate in opposition. He was ready. He had prepared for it, and he replied to every argument made. When the council fired questions at him, he replied with knowledge surprisingly exact and conclusive. The leader of his opponents, a well-known lawyer, at last quoted the law to Denis, and there was a pause.

"You've got your law wrong," said the mayor in the silence, and he quoted it right. The lawyer admitted his error, and the crowd cheered. The question was put to a vote. The mayor was found to have with him all the Democratic votes and four Republican besides. That was his first victory.

THE MAYOR AND HIS OLD BOSS.

He proposed, however, instead of a new city hall the reconstruction of the interior of the old one so as to save space. The motion was carried, and Denis appointed a committee consisting of one machine Republican, one machine Democrat, one independent Republican, one independent Democrat, and an independent after his own heart; and one of them was his old employer, Samuel H. Wheeler, President of the Wheeler & Wilson Company. It is related that when the ex-stoker entered the main office to resign his job, he approached hat in hand, as his wont was.

"Put on your hat, Denis. You're the mayor now," said the president.

"Ah, yes," said the mayor, "but I'm the same old Denis, too, yet."

The period of novelty has passed now in the administration of Denis Mulvihill. Public curiosity has given way to public interest, fear of excesses to confidence, and, on the mayor's part, secret doubt of his own ability, to a very modest, but a very happy self-reliance. Advice he listens to, but his decisions are all his own. There is one adviser to whom Denis looks up to with much reason, for the friend is loyal, able, and honest; but once when he had advised and the mayor took another course, the adviser remonstrated in some heat.

"Ah," said Denis, himself perplexed, "but I'm the mayor. You're my best adviser, and you know more than me, but I'm —I'm the mayor; don't you see?"

LOOKING INTO THINGS FOR HIMSELF.

The mayor did not change the personnel of any of the boards or commissions in a hurry. Most of the terms of his commissioners had not expired; but the mayor was

spending his time examining into their departments. Of course they did not like it. Bridgeport is under the non-partizan scheme of government, as they call it. The departments are governed by commissions with the bi-partizan idea of membership.

The city has a garbage contract on its hands made for a term of ten years. It has four years to run. The city pays $2.75 per ton for the collection of the refuse. One day the mayor took a walk out to the crematory operated by the city and inspected the system in vogue there. A cart came in while he was examining, and he looked into it.

"Drain that cart of water after you weigh it," he said.

He supervised the process himself. It was his opinion that the city was paying for water, tin cans, shells, and other foreign substances, and he determined that it should stop. The cart was drained, and it was found that something like a hundred and fifty pounds of water had run out of it. The mayor waited for another cart to come in, and insisted upon the same procedure. This time he took a rake, and when the cart was turned up, he pushed back the offal, and made the channel for the water without any help from the workmen.

Then he went before the board of health, and they squelched him. By the authority of the charter he is the president *ex-officio* of the board, but he has no vote except in case of a tie. He told his story. He said that the city had no right to pay for foreign substances, and he would not stand it. A member of the board moved to refer the matter to the city attorney of the last administration for an opinion. Mulvihill was angered when the motion was made, and, turning to the crowd who had assembled, said:

"I will have another board of health, and they will do as I please, and what is right, too."

The present board of health is angry on that account. The opinion was received, and the mayor was sustained. He attended the next meeting and was squelched by the chairman, but he does not mind that. When he emerged from the room that night the crowd surged forward and insisted on shaking hands with him, and there was many an expression, "You're right, Denis." "We'll stand back of you, don't mind the snubbing," etc.

AN OPEN AND FEARLESS CRITIC.

He is also looking into the affairs of the fire department. The commissioners do not like the investigation which he conducted personally and unannounced a few days ago. He found a horse with a sore back, a lot of hose in the tower which should have been buried long ago, and a number of other things not to his liking. He spoke his mind. He said he did not like them. Somebody said that criticism of the fire department would hurt the name of the service.

"If it is going to hurt the department," said the mayor, "to try and improve it, then I guess I had better have an entire new service."

Office hunters besiege him, contractors seek to curry favor with him, politicians attempt to force declarations of intent in the matter of appointments from him. His office is crowded every hour of the day. His popularity is something phenomenal, but in all the turmoil he is cool, and when pressed for answers to a question has but one reply. It is:

"The people have made me mayor. I will consult with the people. As long as they listen to me I will be safe in asking you to wait 'until later.'"

VERSES FOR A CHILD.

By Josephine Dodge Daskam.

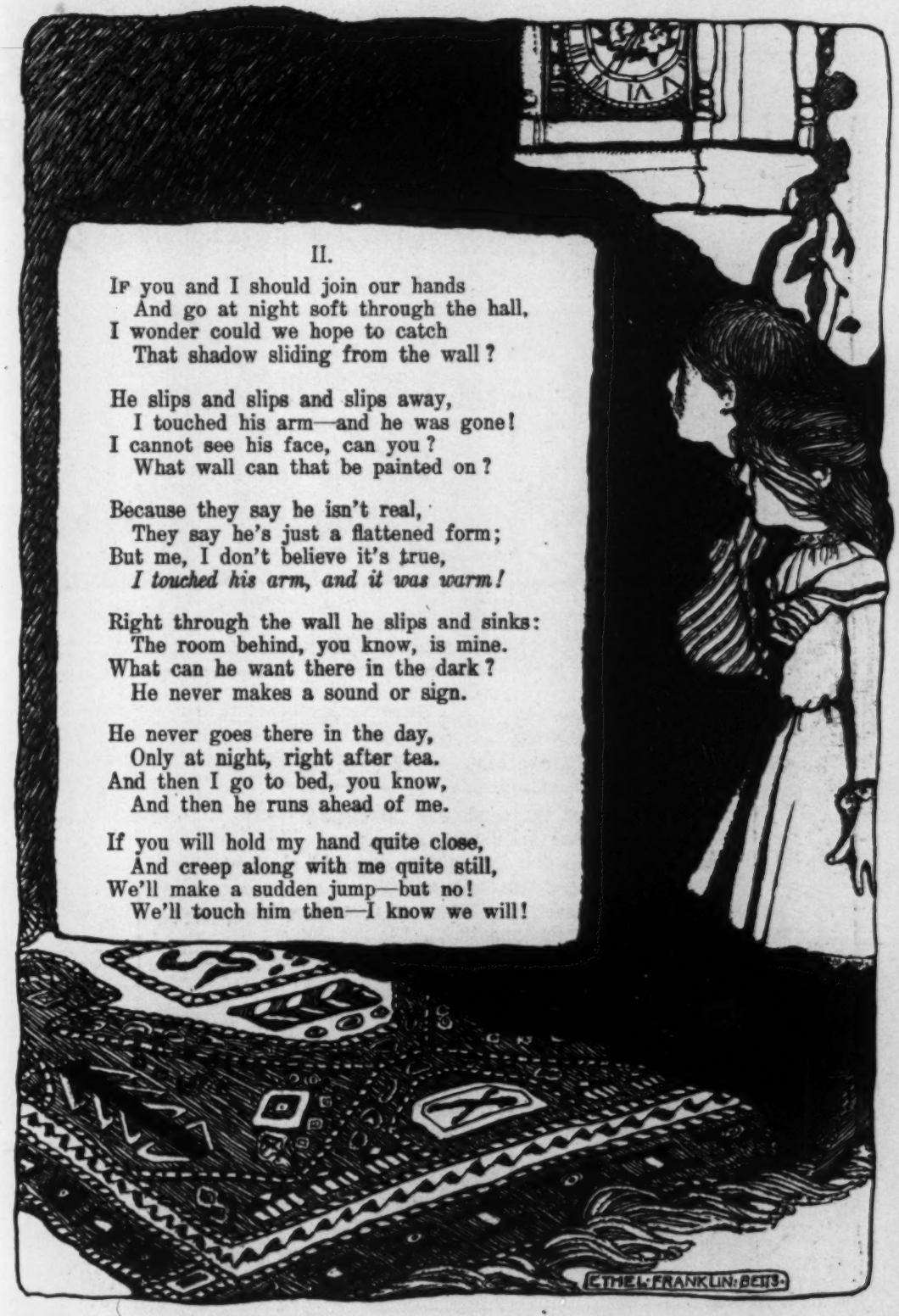
I.

We lived out under the pear tree,
  We dined upon tarts and cream,
I married you there for ever,
  But, dear, 'twas only a dream!

We sailed away in the branches
  To countries strange and new,
For we owned estates in Dreamland,
  But, sweetheart, it isn't true!

We made a church in the pear tree,
  Where the angels came to sing,
We stroked their wings—but, dearest,
  You mustn't believe a thing!

We cut our names in the tree trunk,
  So the bark could never grow,
And the Dryad cried! But, my darling,
  'Twas none of it really so!



II.

If you and I should join our hands
And go at night soft through the hall,
I wonder could we hope to catch
That shadow sliding from the wall?

He slips and slips and slips away,
I touched his arm—and he was gone!
I cannot see his face, can you?
What wall can that be painted on?

Because they say he isn't real,
They say he's just a flattened form;
But me, I don't believe it's true,
I touched his arm, and it was warm!

Right through the wall he slips and sinks:
The room behind, you know, is mine.
What can he want there in the dark?
He never makes a sound or sign.

He never goes there in the day,
Only at night, right after tea.
And then I go to bed, you know,
And then he runs ahead of me.

If you will hold my hand quite close,
And creep along with me quite still,
We'll make a sudden jump—but no!
We'll touch him then—I know we will!

III.

How can I play any longer with my doll?
You know she has lost her head.
And Mary's the one that always fixed her for me—
And Mary, you say, is dead.

Why do I leave the sand-heap all alone?
Because it has dried and spread.
And Mary's the one that always brought the water—
And Mary, you say, is dead.

More on the beach? Well, I think I know that, too!
And *you* are the one that said
That Mary and I should sleep in a room together—
And now you say Mary's dead.

No, I don't like the hotel—I'd be alone;
I'd cry in that great big bed:
And Mary and I played tent in the morning early—
And now Mary can't—she's dead.

Happier? no, not a bit! not a single bit!
Then why are your eyes so red?
And Mary's the one that never liked angel-stories—
And Mary's the one that's dead.

IV.

BEHIND the currant bushes, when the night was coming on,
There was such a funny whisper—do you know?
It made us shiver-shiver, and it made our hearts beat quick,
And we knew it wasn't any good to carry out a stick,
But we did it just the same, or else you never would have gone—
Do you know?

Beyond the old syringa, when the stars were peeping out,
There was such a funny shadow—do you know?
And over in the flower-bed you had left your father's spade,
And you had to go and get it, and you said you weren't afraid,
But you told me afterward about the creeping Indian-scout—
Do you know?

Beneath the kitchen window, when the moon was climbing high,
There was such a funny coldness—do you know?
No matter if 'twas summer, it was cool just like a well,
And the reason was because a ghost—but when you tried to tell,
I put my fingers in my ears, and how I used to cry!
Do you know?

ETHEL FRANKLIN BETTS.

MRS. ATWOOD'S OUTER RAIMENT.

By Mary Stewart Cutting,

Author of "A Good Dinner," etc.

"HOW much will a new suit cost, Jo?" Mr. Atwood held his fingers reflectively on the rubber band of his pocket-book as he asked the question, and glanced as he did so at the round brunette face of his wife, which had suddenly become all flush and sparkle.

"Oh, Edward!"

"Well?"

"You oughtn't to give me the money for it now—you really oughtn't. There are so many calls on you at this season of the year, I don't see how we can meet them as it is. The second quarter of Josephine's music lessons begins next month, and the dancing-school bill comes in too—besides the coal. Everything just piles in before Christmas. I meant to have saved the money for a coat, at any rate, this summer out of my allowance, but I was obliged to fit Josephine out from head to foot, she grows so fast; she takes as much for a dress as I do. But it doesn't make any difference. I can do very well for a while with what I have—really!"

"How about the Washington trip with me next month? I thought you said you couldn't go anywhere without a new suit?"

"Well, I *can't*, but——"

"That settles it."

Mr. Atwood pulled off the rubber band from the pocket-book, and laid it on the table before him, as he extracted a roll of bills and began to count them. It was a shabby article, worn brown at the edges, but it had been made of handsome leather to begin on, and still held together in spite of many years of service. Mrs. Atwood would hardly have known her husband without that pocket-book. It represented in its way the heart of a kind and generous man, always ready to do his utmost in help of the family needs, without complaint or caviling.

His wife always experienced mingled feelings when that leather receptacle appeared—a quick and blessed relief and a sharp wince, as if it were really his heart's blood that she was taking. Her fervent imagination was perennially ready to picture unknown depths of stress.

He paid no attention now to her inarticulate murmur of protest; but asked, in a business-like way:

"How much will it take?"

"I *could* get the material for a dollar a yard"—Mrs. Atwood sat with her hands clasped, and her eyes looking off into space, feeling the words wrung from her—"I could get it for a dollar a yard; but I suppose it ought to be heavier weight for the winter."

"Have it warm enough, whatever else you do," interrupted her husband.

"It would take seven yards; or I might get along with six and a half; it depends on the width. It's the linings that make it mount up to so much, and the making. You *can* get a suit made for six dollars—Cynthia Callender did, and hers looks well, but Mrs. Nicholas went to the same place, and——"

"Will thirty dollars be enough?" asked Mr. Atwood with masculine directness, seeking for some tangible fact.

"Oh, yes, I'm sure it will be; I——"

"Then here's fifty," said Mr. Atwood. He counted out five tens and pushed them over to her. "Get a good suit while you're about it, Jo."

"Oh, Edward! I don't want——"

"Make her take it," said a girl of sixteen, rising from the corner where she had been sitting with a book in her hand, a very tall and thin and pretty girl, brunette like her mother, with a long, black braid that hung down her back. She came forward and threw her arm around her mother's neck, bending protectingly over her.

"Make her take it, papa. She buys everything for me and the boys, and goes without herself, so that I'm ashamed to walk out in the street with her; it makes me look so horrid to be all dressed up when she wears that old spring jacket. When it's cold she puts a cape over it. I wish you'd *see* that cape! She's had it since the year one. She doesn't dare wear it when she goes out with you, she just shivers."

"Hush, hush, Josephine," said the mother, embarrassed, yet laughing, as her husband lifted his shaggy eyebrows at her in mock severity. "You needn't say any more, either of you. I'll take the money." She paused impressively, and then gently pushed the girl aside and went over and kissed her husband.

"If I were only as good a manager as some people! I don't know what's the matter with me. I try, and I try, but——"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the husband. "All I ask now is that you spend this money on yourself; it's not for other needs, remember. You are to spend it all on yourself."

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Atwood, with the guilty thrill of the perjured at the very moment of her promise. She knew very well that some of it would have to be spent for other needs. She had but fifty cents left of her allowance to last her until the end of the month, five long days away. No one but the mother of a family on moderate means realizes what the demand for pads, pencils, shoestrings, lunches, postage stamps, hair ribbons, medicines, mended shoes, and such like can amount to in that short time. She had meant to ask Edward to advance her a little more on the next month's allowance —already largely anticipated—but she had not the face to, after his generosity to her now. A couple of dollars out of the fifty would make very little difference, and she did not need it all anyway. She almost wept as she thought of Josephine's championship of her, and her husband's thoughtfulness.

Mrs. Atwood adored her husband and her three children. She firmly believed them to be superior in every way to all other mortals; sacrificing service for them was her joy of joys, her keenest affliction the fear that she did not appreciate them half enough. It is certain that the children, truthful, loving, and obedient as they had been trained to be, would have been spoiled beyond tolerance if it were not that the very strength of her admiration made it innocuous. They were so used to being told that they were the loveliest and dearest things on earth that the words were not even heard. As they grew older the extravagance of her devotion was beginning to rouse the protective element in them, to her wonder and humility.

Mrs. Atwood, at twenty, the time of her marriage, had been a warm-hearted, fervent, loquacious, impulsive child. At thirty-eight she was still in many ways the girl her husband had married, even to her looks, while he appeared much older than his real age, in reality but a couple of years ahead of hers. She was always longing to be a silent, noble, and finely-balanced character, quite oblivious of the fact that she suited him, a humorous, but self-contained man, exactly as she was, and that he would have been very lonesome with anything more perfect. Perhaps, after all, there are few things that are better to bring into a household than an uncalculating and abounding love, even if the manifestations of it are not always of the wisest. The extra money cast a rich glow over Mrs. Atwood's horizon. In the effulgence of it she received a bill for twelve dollars presented to her just after breakfast the next morning by the waitress, with the word that the man waiting outside the door had already brought it once before, when they were out of town. Could Mrs. Atwood pay it now? He needed the money.

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Atwood, with affluent promptness. The bill was for work on the lawn during the summer, something her husband always paid for; but it seemed a pity to have the man go away again when the money was there at hand. She would not in the least mind asking Edward to refund it to her. But she felt the well-known drop into her usual condition of calculating economy.

Her husband came home that night with a bad headache, and, the night after, she had another bill waiting for him for repairs on the furnace. It was unexpectedly and villainously large, and Mrs. Atwood was constitutionally incapable of adding another straw to his burden, while she stood by consenting sympathetically unto his righteous wrath. A day later, when she spoke of going to town to buy the material for her new costume, with outward buoyancy, but inward panic at the rapid shrinkage of her funds, Sam, a boy of twelve, announced the fact that he must have a new suit of clothes at once. As it was Saturday, he could accompany her.

"What is the matter with those you have on? They are not in the least worn out," said his mother.

"Mamma, they're so thin that I'm freezing all the time I'm in school. You ought to have heard me coughing yesterday."

"You have the old blue suit. I'm sure that's thick enough."

"The blue suit! Yes, and it hurts me; it's so tight I can hardly walk in it. I can't sit down in it at all. It makes ridges all round my legs."

Mrs. Atwood looked at her son with rare exasperation. It was well known that when Sam took a dislike to his clothes for any reason they always hurt him. His coats, his trousers, his caps, his shoes, even his neckties developed hitherto unsuspected attributes of torture. And there was always a haunting feeling with the outraged dispenser of these articles that it might be true. A penetrative and scornful remark from the passing Josephine at once emphasized this view of the case to the anxious mother, remorseful already at her own lack of sympathy.

"I'm astonished at you Josephine. If the clothes hurt him—" but the girl had disappeared beyond hearing. Sam came from town that evening jubilant in warm and roomy jacket and trousers, and, oh weakness of woman! with a new foot-ball besides. Mrs. Atwood carried with her a box of lead soldiers for Eddy, and a sweet little fluffy thing in neckwear for Josephine, such as she saw other girls displaying. After all, what was her own dress in comparison with the darling children's happiness? She would get some cheap stuff and make it up herself. No one would know the difference.

"How about your suit, Jo?" asked her husband one evening, as they sat around the fire. "Is it almost finished?"

"Not—exactly," said Mrs. Atwood.

"The Club goes to Washington on the fifteenth of the month, it was decided today. Nearly all the men are going to take their wives with them. I'm looking forward to showing off mine."

"My mamma will look prettier than any of them," said Eddy belligerently.

"And lots younger," added Sam.

"Have you ordered the suit yet?" asked the voice of Josephine. Oh, how her mother dreaded it!

"No, I haven't—yet," she felt herself forced into saying.

"I don't believe there is any money left for it," pursued the pitiless one. "She spends it for other things, papa. She pays bills and doesn't tell because she hates to bother you. And she buys things for Us. And she paid a subscription to the Orphan's Home yesterday, and she got a new wash-boiler for Katy. And——"

"Hush, hush, Josephine," said her father severely. "I found that receipted bill of Patrick's lying around the other day, Jo. I should have paid you back at once. How much money have you left?"

"Oh, Edward, I'm *so* foolish, I——"

"Have you thirty dollars?"

"I—I don't think so."

"Have you twenty?"

"I haven't—*more* than that." She had, as she well knew, the sum of nine dollars and sixty-seven cents in the purse in her dressing-table drawer.

"Will this help you out?" His tone had the business-like quality in it as natural as breathing to a man when he speaks of money matters, and which a woman feels almost as a personal condemnation, in its chill removal from sentiment.

"Oh, Edward, please don't! It makes me feel so—" She tried not to be too abject. "But nearly all of it has gone for necessary things, truly."

"That's all *right*." He added, with a touch of severity; "Don't let there be any mistake about it this time, Jo," and she murmured contritely,

"No. No, indeed."

With her allowance money, too, how could there be?

Mrs. Atwood now set herself seriously to the work of getting appareled. She read advertisements, and she went to town two days in succession, bringing home samples of cloth for family approval; she sought the advice of her young sister-in-law, Mrs. Callender, and of her friend, Mrs. Nicholas, with the result that she finally sat down one morning immediately after breakfast, and wrote a letter to a New York firm ordering a jacket and skirt made like one in a catalogue issued by them, and setting down her measurements according to its directions. Just before she finished a maid brought her up word that Mrs. Martindale was below.

"Mrs. Martindale—at this time in the morning!"

Mrs. Martindale was her cousin, and lived over the other side of the track, some distance away. Mrs. Atwood hurried down with a premonition of evil, to find her visitor, a pretty woman, elegantly but hastily gowned, sitting on the edge of a chair, as if ready for instant flight. There was a wild expression in her eye.

She began at once, taking no notice of Mrs. Atwood's greeting:

"I suppose you think I'm crazy to come here in this way. I didn't sleep a wink last night. I didn't know *what* to do. We're in such a state!"

"Is it the business?"

"Oh, it's the estate and the business and everything. Mr. Bellew's death has just brought the whole thing to a standstill. All

the money is tied up in some dreadful way—don't ask *me*. Of course it will be all right in three or four weeks, Dick says, and we have credit everywhere. It's just to tide over this time. But we haven't a penny of ready money; not a *penny*. It would be ridiculous if it wasn't horrible. Dick gave me all he could scrape together last week, and told me to try and make it last, but it's all gone—*I* couldn't help it. And the washerwoman comes to-day. If you could let me have ten dollars, Jo—I couldn't *bear* to let Dick know."

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Atwood with loving alacrity. "Don't say another word." If she felt a pang she scorned it.

"You don't know how many calls there are on one," murmured the other, sinking back with the relief.

Mrs. Atwood thought she did, but she only said, "You poor thing," and rushed up-stairs to get one of her crisp ten-dollar bills; she could not use the house money for this. She passed Josephine in the hall afterward on her way to school, and held the bill behind her, but she felt sure the girl's keen eyes had spied it.

"I'm so glad I had it! Are you sure this will be enough?" she asked as the other kissed her fervently. What were clothes for herself in comparison with poor Bertha's need? She would look over the catalogue again to-morrow, when she had time, and order a cheaper suit, or buy one ready-made.

After all, she did neither. Her money—but why chronicle further the diminution of her forces? Delay made it as inevitable as the thaw after snow. Her entire downfall was completed the day she had unexpected and honorable company to dinner, and sent Sam out to the nearest shops instead of those at which she usually dealt, to "break a bill"—heartrending process!—in the purchase of fruit and sweets for their consumption. No one has ever satisfactorily explained why the change from five dollars never amounts to more than two dollars and sixteen cents. Poor Mrs. Atwood could never get quite used to the fact that if she spent money it was gone. She cherished an underlying hope that she could get it back somehow.

As the time approached for the Washington trip she did not dare to meet her Edward's eye, and replied but feebly to his unusually jolly anticipations of "this time next week." She had hoped that she might have some excuse to remain at home, much as she had longed for this jaunt alone with her husband, but there seemed to be no loophole of escape.

She tried to freshen up her heaviest skirt, and took the spring jacket she was wearing and made a thick lining to it, planning to disguise it further with a piece of fur at the neck. She felt horribly guilty when Josephine came in and caught her at it. The tall girl with her red cheeks just out of the wintry air looked at her mother with an inscrutable expression, but she merely said:

"I suppose that's to save your new suit. You'll never be able to get into it if you put so much wadding in," and went off again. The mother felt relieved, yet a little hurt, too, in some mysterious way.

Many a time she tried to screw her courage up to confessing that she had no outer raiment; that, after all the money and all her promises, she had nothing to show in exchange. The fatal moment had to come, but she put it off. She had done it so many times! For herself she did not mind; she could have confessed joyfully to all the crimes in the Decalogue, if it would have benefited her dear ones, but to wound their idea of her, to pain them by showing how unworthy she was, how unfit to be trusted—that came hard. She prayed a great deal about it on her knees by the bed in the dusk of her own room when she came up-stairs after dinner, on the pretext of "getting something." She belonged to the old-fashioned, childlike order of women who do pray about things, not only daily, but hourly, and who, unknown to themselves, exhale the sweetness born of heavenly contact.

She wondered if, perhaps, it might not be better if she were dead, she was such a poor manager, and set such a bad example to the children. Josephine had that clear common sense that she lacked. The girl was getting to be so companionable to her father, too. She had the sacrificial pleasure of the victim when she heard them laughing and talking down-stairs together.

"Well, Jo, has your suit come home yet?"

It was three nights before the fateful Thursday, and the family were grouped in the library, as was their wont in the evening immediately after dinner. Eddy was lying on the fur rug playing with the cat in the warmth of the wood-fire, and Mr. Atwood in a big chair, with his wife leaning on the arm of it, sat watching the little boy. The two older children were studying, by a table in the back of the room, in front of a shaded lamp with a pile of books before them.

Mr. Atwood, although his hair and mustache were grizzled, and his face prematurely lined, had a curious faculty of suddenly looking like a boy, under some pleasurable emotion; anticipation of his holiday now made him young for the moment. His wife thought him beautiful.

"Did you say it had not come home yet? You must be sure to have it on time. Take all your party clothes along, too."

"Oh, yes, I'm going to," said Mrs. Atwood. She was on sure ground here. The gown she had made for a wedding in the spring was crying to be worn again.

"What color did you decide on?"

"I—I decided on—Brown," said Mrs. Atwood, with fixed eyes. Her respite was gone.

"Brown—yes, I always liked you in brown. Have you heard your mother talk much about her new clothes, Josephine?"

"No," said Josephine, "I haven't."

"Didn't you wear brown when we went on our wedding trip? It seems to me that I remember that. I know you had red berries in your hat, for I knocked some of them out."

"Were you married in a brown dress?" called Sam.

"No," answered the father for her, "your mother was married in white—some kind of white mosquito-netting. What makes you look so unhappy, Jo? Aren't you glad to go off with me—in a new suit?"

"Edward!" said Mrs. Atwood. She rose and stood in front of him, her dark eyes unnaturally large, the color coming and going in her rounded olive cheek. Her red lips trembled. Here before the loved and dreaded domestic tribunal she would be shriven at last. Her children should know just what she was like. "Edward, I have something to tell you."

"There's the door-bell," said her husband with an arresting hand, as he listened for the outer sounds.

"A package, sir. Twinty-five cents."

"Have you the change, Jo? It's some clothes I ordered myself for the Washington trip; I wanted to do you credit. Oh, don't go up-stairs for it."

"I don't mind," said Mrs. Atwood. Change! She had nothing but change. Clothes! How easy it was for him to get them. Do her credit, in his glossy newness, while she was in that old black skirt, grown skimp and askew with wear, and that tight, impossible jacket? She charged up and down-stairs in the vehemence of her emotion, filled with anger at her folly, and paid the man herself before reëntering the library.

Her husband was untieing the cords of the long pasteboard box with slow and patient fingers. He was a man who had never cut a string in his life. The children were standing by in what seemed unnecessary excitement, their faces all turned to her. Edward had lifted the cover of the box.

"What color are your clothes, Edward?" asked his wife. It was the first time that he had ever bought anything without consulting her.

"What color? Oh—Brown," said Mr. Atwood. He swooped her into a front place in the circle with his long arm. "Here, look and tell me what you think of this."

"Edward!"

"Lined throughout with taffeta, gores on every frill. Why, Jo! Bring your mother a chair, Josephine."

Before the eyes of Mrs. Atwood lay the rich folds of a cloth skirt, surmounted by a jacket trimmed with fur.

She lay back in the arm-chair, her family clustered around her, their tongues loosened.

"We all knew about it." "We promised not to tell." "We wanted to *see* you get it." "There won't be anybody as pretty as you, mamma." "You left out that letter of measurements, and papa and I took it to Aunt Cynthia"—this from Josephine—"and she helped us. She says you're *disgracefully* unselfish." The girl emphasized her remark with a sudden and strangling hug. "There isn't anybody in the *world* as good as you are. I was watching you all last week. I knew you wouldn't buy a *thing*. But it was papa who thought of doing it when I told him. Feel the stuff; isn't it lovely? so thick and soft. He and Aunt Cynthia said you should have the best. She *can* spend money! And you're to go up to town to-morrow with me to buy a hat with red in it, and if the suit needs altering it can be done then. *Don't* you like it, mamma?"

"It's perfectly beautiful," said the mother, her hands clasping those of her three darlings; but her eyes sought her husband's.

He alone said nothing, but stood regarding her with twinkling eyes through a suspicion of moisture. What did she see in them? The love and kindness that clothed her not only with silk and wool, but with honor; that made of this new raiment a vesture wherein she entered that special and exquisite heaven of the woman whose husband and children rise up and call her blessed.